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# The Herald, November 7, 1891

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# The Cedarville Herald

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.  
CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

## THE FAMILY CLOCK.

Tick-tock is its monotone;  
In movement listless as a drone;  
With visage like the stolid rock,  
The Old Time Piece, the Family Clock.

It summons its enfeebled powers  
And hammers out the languid hours;  
It can not pause, it has no choice;  
Who wonders at its tired voice?

The quicken'd pulse of life without,  
The happy laugh, the ringing shout,  
Can stir no echo in its breast;  
It is so worn, it covets rest.

Stray bees come buzzing through the door;  
Gay sunbeams dance about the floor,  
The Old Clock, weary of itself,  
Ticks on upon the mantel shelf.

By day the fire-side is bright;  
But muffled in the solemn night  
What phantom must the Old Clock see?  
As it ticks on thus drearily.

It saw the babes like flowers spring  
To grace the hearth and round it cling,  
Till some day they were laid to rest,  
And some in graves were laid to rest.

It saw the rosy darlings fade;  
Saw the mother supplant the maid;  
It heard and saw the wedding cheer,  
Felt the hush when death drew near!

A circle round the warm hearthstone  
Once listened to its monotone;  
Till broken now and scattered wide,  
Two only haunt the fire-side.

The Old Clock sees them linger on,  
Two shadows of a substance gone;  
And as they hover near the fire,  
What wonder that its tones should tire?

Mrs. N. B. Morange, in Arkansas Traveler.

## A ROMANCE —OF— TWO BROTHERS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.  
AUTHOR OF "THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUD,"  
"AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," "THE EVIL  
THAT MEN DO," "A NEW YORK  
FAMILY," ETC.

[Copyright, 1900, By Edgar Fawcett.]

### CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"You have called this conception of your father's uncanny." Suppose hundreds of other people—thousands, millions, if you will—should look on it as a priceless blessing. Would you be right in keeping it from their possession because of that personal prejudice which your mother instilled into your mind when you were a mere half-grown boy?"

He knitted his brows. "What is this?" he demanded harshly. "Who told you of any such act on my mother's part? Thorndyke, no doubt."

"I have guessed more than Dr. Thorndyke told me," Lucia said.

Sylvan chose now to rise. He walked toward the door, slipping both hands behind him with a sort of non-committal moroseness—as who should say: "I decline further speech on this affair, though what I have heard has been highly aggravating."

He left the dining-room, and Lucia felt that for the first time they had stood on the verge of an open quarrel. And how would it end? She must have that packet; her very palms had begun to itch and tingle for it. With burning cheeks and lowered head she sat for more than an hour in her own dressing-room, and brooded upon this avid longing which had seemed to grow as firmly wed to her spirit as its color to her blood. No use to try and laugh away Egbert Maynard's whole aspiration as the dream of a mad chemist. While she now thought upon her own past life she understood how there had always been a strain in it of romantic receptivity to just such impressions as the one which a recent event had wrought. Her parents had held no definite faith; they were of the kind (eminently though her father had shone in the law) who curtailed what they thought the "bad policy" of non-belief with such a pretty-patterned fabric of indifference, that it deceived nearly every eye as orthodoxy. For this reason their child's nature missed those pleasant repasts which occur to us when we can feed imagination and emotion on the solemnity of worship. Lucia would have made a splendid nun, except for the actual greed of mere living, the hunger after large inclusive experiences, the love for life itself just because of its pulse-beats and breath-drawings, which must forever have kept her somewhat of the earth, earthly.

But she would have clung to her peal and her beads, nevertheless, while shaping for herself a material future heaven, with palm-trees of glistering emerald than most nuns dream of, and perhaps a pair of wings with some sort of half-voluptuous rose-tint amid the chastity of their plumes. Now, in the present circumstances of her being, married to a man who had never lit her days with any harder kind of glow than that of a rushlight through hours when her eyes longed for the "light that never was," this young woman poured forth in excited obedience on a new-found object of homage all the past, pent-up fervor which religion might formerly have won from her with ease. Seated there, in her perturbation, her fright of self, she strove to think what friend or acquaintance could now bring balm to her troubled soul. Not one! All the men and women whom she knew had for years entered and themselves behind the practical and ordinary. Some of them were rationalists; and yet others were of that "don't care" type which accepts life, death, time, eternity and the human soul as if they were facts in history, like the Edict of Nantes or the Battle of the Boyne—topics that one may well be aware of but need not seriously treat.

"I wonder what sort of a counsellor this younger brother, Gerald, would make," Lucia deliberated. "He's never sent us his photograph; I might have gained some real inkling of him from that. But at least he's liberal; Dr. Thorndyke more than suggested it. His mind isn't a covert of cobwebs, like Sylvan's. It would be refreshing to know him and judge for myself whether he could help me." Through a mist of tragic bewilderment one clear-viewed purpose began to dawn upon her. Sylvan had spoken about destroying those papers. This meant that he had not yet done so—possibly that he would refrain from such an act for a long time, if indeed he ever performed it. Meanwhile the manuscript (why not?) reposed in one of the two locked drawers of the cabinet in his study. What if she antagonized his obduracy by theft? Her impulse of honesty, still entwined among the most sensitive fibers of conscience itself, urged a stern veto against any such crafty course. Once more she would try persuasion. Once more she did.

For several days the friends who came to her noticed that she had an absent and feeble manner. One or two of them, who were feminine, went away with the deduction that a peculiarly domestic illness was approaching and that it was high time some happy proof of her bond with Sylvan should bring its welcome change.

One lady even murmured a sentence of this import in Lucia's ear. "How little she dreams of what thrills and clouds me," her hearer thought. That very evening, perhaps an hour after their almost silent dinner together, she appeared at Sylvan's side, while he wrote as our lawyers do when they have quitted their "down-town" distractions, and while he used for a desk the very cabinet whose two locked drawers made so heavy an onus on her mental peace. Lucia was by this time excessively disturbed and eager. She did not know whether she could properly control herself throughout the coming interview, and she was quite clearly aware that her husband now awaited some sort of distinct rebellious outburst.

It came, and it came almost before Lucia was herself aware of its advent. "I will permit no further queries from you," she heard him say, after she had seen him also rise from his desk, and while, at the same time, she was but dimly, tumultuously conscious of the words with which she had just addressed him.

They looked at one another, both standing, there in the small, vaguelit room, with its rows of mauve-tinted legal books on every side. "I—I don't wish to seem over-troublesome, Sylvan," she broke silence, with a sort of semi-stammering apology. "And yet—"

"And yet you are very troublesome, indeed, my dear," he announced, with a haughty curtness which made "my dear" ring in sorry satire. "I have informed you more than once that I can not satisfy your singular craving."

"It is not that," she said, with heat, yet with self-repression, too. "It is a natural desire. I simply demand of you that you shall permit the worth or worthlessness of your father's discovery to become known by us both."

"That I will not do," he replied.

"You will not do it? You will not?" Lucia broke forth, flushing and slipping nearer to him. "Ah," she went on, "you have the manuscript concealed, no doubt, in this very room!"

"If I have!" he shot back, bitterly, "what then? Do you wish to play the thief and steal it from me?"

She laid her hand on his arm. "I wish to play the adviser, the giver of good counsel."

He shook her hand from his arm at this. "The devil's own counsel," he muttered.

"Sylvan!" she breathed, a little gaspingly. "This is the first time you have ever insulted me!"

"You drive me to it."

"I seek to dissuade you from casting a slur on your father's memory."

"My father's memory! Pah! What do you care for that? You want the drug—the 'discovery,' as you call it. And it's all the merest ruff-raff of a clever man's decaying faculties—nothing more."

His tones were very acid; he seemed transformed from his usual mild self. She watched him for a second or two, with her eyes moistly shining and a quiver of her lower lip.

"If you so believe it, Sylvan, then why do you hide it like this?"

"Because it's an outrage against God. I've said so to you before, why make me say it again?"

"Yes, you've said it before. But how can your father's wish or design be an outrage against God when, as you yourself concede, the brain that compassed the whole idea was in a state of semi-ruin? Oh, Sylvan, let us test the truth or falsity of that avowal!" Again she put her hand out toward him, and this time she rested it on his shoulder. But he repulsed her with an excessive rudeness, and she now saw on his working features the kind of pallor that was easy to explain as wrath.

"You wish to tempt me!" he cried; "you can not succeed. My mother long ago taught me—"

"Oh, your mother!" she flashed. "I knew it was she!" Then her voice suddenly trembled and softened. "Sylvan! I thought you loved me. You've so often said that you did. What I ask is such a little thing, after all!"

"What you ask," he retorted, "is a large and shameless thing. If I loved you as God himself loves his children (and may the blasphemy be pardoned me!) I should never yield to this desire of yours—never!"

The next moment she saw that he was intensely agitated. His reeling step disclosed this, as he advanced toward the desk at which he had been seated. From a packet he drew a bunch of keys, and with shaking grasp thrust one of them into the lock of a lower drawer. Swiftly he drew forth a long and somewhat dingy envelope, which Lucia seemed to recognize the instant it met her gaze.

Springing erect and facing her, he waved in air the object he had secured. "I am going to burn this," he proceeded; "to burn this before your sight. Look." She peered at the written name for a brief while, and then he withdrew it just as her quick sweep of one hand sought to tear it from his clasp. He sped toward the gas-burner that in a cone of green shade illumined his desk. "See," came his next words, "I give it to the oblivion it deserves." Already its frail paper edges had begun to flame, blackening and curling. She darted to him with outstretched hands and a forlorn cry:

"Oh, Sylvan, don't burn it like that! Don't! I'll promise—"

Then she paused. It was now a fiery mass, and it so lit his angered, defiant face that she realized how hopeless would be any effort her feeble strength might make to wrest it from his hold.

He lifted it on a level with his head, letting it redly flare until there was but a scrap of it left, and that scrap gave threat of suddenly scorching his forehead and thumb. Then he flung its charred remnant on the floor and covered it with his foot.

"There," he said, in his throat, "the thing's done. Now I hope your folly has ended with it."

She made him no answer. She quitted the study with staggering limbs. Her torment seemed to her like that of a mother who had seen the massacre of a child.

She got into her own private room and closed the door. Her head was whirling; she wondered why she did not swoon. But something appeared to keep her from that. What was it? Ah, she knew, she realized, in a very surge of cognition.

It was her unspeakable hatred of him, new-born and yet born as they said malign beings were, with all its teeth. She had never loved him; now her indifference had turned loathing intense.

He had killed that splendid hope. She had witnessed with her own eyes its hateful holocaust. Live with him after this? Not if he could lodge her in a house of gold and give her gear that would outshine the sun.

She must get away from him. Her head felt hot as the flame she had just desparingly looked on, and her hands were ice. A horror of ever again seeing him or being near him insensibly beset her. She might kill him—she wanted to go back to him, now and kill him. She shrank with a wild dread from staying under his roof that night.

There was her Aunt Janet—her mother's only sister. Aunt Janet was poor and lived in a meager way, streets and streets up-town; but she would be kind and give shelter for a few nights and days to come. . . .

After Lucia had slipped out of his study Sylvan flung himself into a chair and sat for a long time with folded arms and gazed on the floor.

He loved his wife deeply, in his way of loving. He was thinking all this while, whether the fraud that he had conceived and carried out would not bravely succeed. Naturally, she might

be seen to quit the house. But where, then, was she? Whither had she been spirited? Sylvan almost reeled with a dread that he could ill have explained, and yet that stabbed him like a spear of fire. He hurried back to Lucia's dressing-room. He stood in the center of it and called her name twice or thrice.

Suddenly his eye lighted on a paper pinned conspicuously against the rim of a mirror. He seized it, read his own name, and soon read something more.

She had gone. With a few fierce words she told him that she would never willingly meet him again.

"You have made me hate you," a clause of the letter ran. "I have often tried to love you, and always failed. Now, since your brutality has shown me your true nature, I can only pray that you will leave me unmolested, to live or to die as I choose."

The letter trembled in Sylvan's grasp. "I have often tried to love you," he pealed to old slumbering suspicions with a frightful rehabilitated force. He sank into a chair, sweating coldly with anguish and dismay.

CHAPTER VI.

"Brother, you know me, don't you?" Gerald Maynard spoke that sentence, standing at the bedside of Sylvan, who had been ill, who had partially recovered, who had gone out into the world, and who now again had been smitten with a drowsy inertia which bore the semblance of brain paralysis, though not the real symptoms or portents of that disease.

"Know you, Gerald? Yes, indeed." And Sylvan stretched out a hand whose emaciation suited the sad change in his face.

"There, that's right," said Gerald, sunny as ever of eye and smile, with the same debonaire speech and easy gesture. He seated himself close by the bed. "You mustn't give way to this horrid melancholia. You must fight it. Clyde says you must, and I echo him."

"This Clyde and you are great friends already," said Sylvan, in a voice that pleasantly betrayed the sick man he was; "isn't that true, Gerald?"

"Yes," was the answer. "Crawford Clyde is a wonder in his way. He's really famous here, you know, as a specialist on nervous troubles, though he can't be much over five-and-thirty. And yet he'd no sooner accepted me, so to speak, as the friend of dear old Dr. Thorndyke than he gave me a royal welcome. Why, bless your soul, Sylvan, I feel like commencing practice already as a New York physician. And then Clyde is so good in matters which a man of his professional note might naturally overlook. He's promised to use his influence"—Gerald paused. His brother's eyelids had closed, dead-pale against the equal pallor of his cheeks.

"Well? He's promised to use his influence?"

Dreamily speaking, Sylvan had unclosed his eyes. But Gerald did not meet their look, though he answered, with an off-hand air, certain sentences which were really no answer at all.

"Oh, I mean that in a general sort of fashion he's so extremely good. He cheers me up; he makes me feel as if I were not truly the mere neophyte in medicine that I am."

A silence came, and then Sylvan queried, with extreme somberness of tone: "And what does he say of the manuscript that father left, Gerald? Didn't you tell me you were going to consult him about it?"

[To be continued.]

drawn. After having done this, he became conscious of a sharp discontent, whose object was Lucia. How strange that the only real discord which had ever risen between them should have concerned his religious faith—an element in him with which he connected all peaceful and kindly longings. He now told himself that he must repair with all acts of Christian gentleness the injury to his wife's feelings which a needful course of severity had inflicted. His heart literally brimmed with goodwill as he soon passed from his study and went to find Lucia. His love for her, always ardent, had never more enthralled him than then. It was blent with self-reproach for the distress he had caused her, though remorse had no real part in the poignancy of his regret.

He entered her dressing-room and saw that it was vacant. Giving it only a careless glance here and there, he went into other chambers. Not finding her anywhere, he summoned a servant. The answers to his questions were quite unsatisfactory. Mrs. Maynard had not

been seen to quit the house. But where, then, was she? Whither had she been spirited? Sylvan almost reeled with a dread that he could ill have explained, and yet that stabbed him like a spear of fire. He hurried back to Lucia's dressing-room. He stood in the center of it and called her name twice or thrice.

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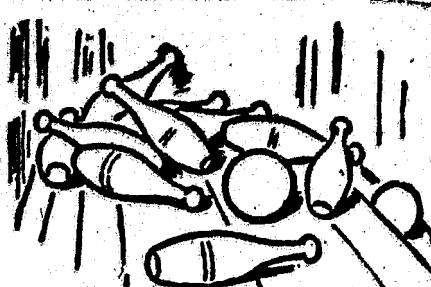
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[To be continued.]



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—your sufferings from Catarrh. That is, if you go about it in the right way.

There are plenty of wrong ways, that perhaps you've found out. They may relieve for a time, but they don't cure.

Worse yet, they may drive the disease to the lungs. You can't afford to experiment.

But there is a right way, and a sure way, that does cure. Thousands of otherwise hopeless cases have proved it. It's with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, it permanently cures the worst chronic cases. Catarrhal Headache, "Cold in the Head"—everything catarrhal in its nature, is cured as if by magic.

It's a way so sure that the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy offer, in good faith, \$500 for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure.

If it's sure enough for them to make the offer, it's sure enough for you to make the trial.

They risk \$500. What do you risk?

“German Syrup”

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

THE FIRST SILVER PILL

der the act weighed 410 of 892.4 while for many years for America, have been the and sixpence, and circums were issued mer or Summ Bermudas.

"Hoggs-Penn size 19, weight The silver production of many change more or less fixed value coins. The in this respect the name of Barilites." (1894 dollars ence.

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## TWO GARDENS.

There were two gardens once stood side by side.  
In each a host of blossoms fair to view,  
And drooping columbines and larkspurs, too,  
Of crimson, pink and creamy white,  
Tall lilies offering fragrance, rich and rare,  
Geraniums brave in colors, dazzling bright,  
And honeysuckles climbing everywhere,  
Flinging a wealth of sweets upon the air.

And he who owned one garden said: "Let none  
Break any bud or flower from its stem.  
I planted seed and root, and mine alone  
Shall be the beauty that has grown from them."  
And so the flowers faded where they grew,  
And weaker waxed the parent plant each day,  
And soon the fragile buds all perished, too,  
And when at last brown Autumn came that way,

She found but desolation and decay.  
But he who owned the other said: "With me  
Come, friends, and share the treasures here I show,  
Gifts of the earth which thus most generously  
Returns the care we may on it bestow."  
As fast as eager hands bore blossoms away  
As lovely ones were in their places set,  
And winter coming one bright frosty day,  
With glittering beard and cloak ice-spangled,  
Met  
Some pure as his own snowflakes flung 'ring  
yet.  
—Margaret Eyttinge, in Detroit Free Press.

## UNCLE SAM'S COINAGE.

Some Interesting Things Not Generally Known.

"E Pluribus Unum" Never Authorized by Law—Origin of the Motto, "In God We Trust," and the "M" on Liberty's Neck.

The making of the first money in the United States began in 1786, but instead of the faces of representative statesmen it bore only the figure of Liberty. Some few coins were stamped with the face of Washington, and of course are highly valued by collectors. The first coins struck by the United States mint were some half dimes in 1793; the first dimes were struck in France from old silver family plate furnished by Washington, the coins being known as Martha Washington dimes, from the circumstance as noted, and an adaptation of the Liberty head to that of Martha Washington.

The United States mint in San Francisco is said to be the largest of the kind in the world. The process of dime making there may not be without interest. The silver bullion is first melted and run into two-pound bars. These in turn are run through immense rollers and flattened out to the thickness of the coin. These strips are then passed through a machine, which cuts them into proper size for the presses, the strips first having been treated with a kind of tallow to prevent their being scratched in their passage through the cutters.

The silver pieces are then put into the feeder of the printing presses, and are fed to the die by automatic machinery at the rate of 100 per minute, 48,000 dimes being turned out in a regular working day of 12 hours.

As the smoothing pieces are pressed between the printing dies they receive the lettered and figured impression; at the same time the piece is expanded in a slight degree and the small corrugations are cut in its rim. The machine drops the completed coin into a receiver and it is ready for the counter's hands.

The first silver dollar was coined under the act of February 12, 1793, and weighed 416 grains and had a fineness of 892.4, which standard was continued for many years. The first coins struck for America, however, are supposed to have been the Summer Island shilling and sixpence. The date of coinage, place and circumstances under which they were issued are unknown. The Summer or Summer Islands are the present Bermudas. The shilling was called a "Hoggs-Penny," composed of copper, size 19, weight 177 grains.

The silver dollar, since the first introduction of the coin, has undergone many changes, all of which have had more or less effect in establishing a fixed value among collectors of rare coins. The issue of 1804 bears the palm in this respect, and has won for itself the name of "The King of American Rareties." Only seven or eight of the 1804 dollars are known to be in existence.

The "legend" of the scarcity is that a vessel bound for China had on board almost the entire coinage, \$19,370, and was lost at sea. Another theory concerning this mysterious coin runs as follows: That the entire issue was shipped to pay the Yankee tars who fought in the war with Tripoli. The sailors drifted around after the war closed, and many of them went to Africa, where they spent their money. The native kings collected all the coins and buried them as trophies. Perhaps Stanley might throw some light on the last version of the 1804 dollar.

The national motto, "E Pluribus Unum," on different United States coins, was never authorized by law to be so placed. Although the mint was established in 1792, the use of the motto on any of the gold, silver or copper coins was not authorized or directed by any of the provisions of the act establishing it. None of the coins since 1837 bore the motto until the standard silver dollars were coined.

It remained on the early gold and silver coins until 1864, when it was omitted from the gold coins. From the double eagle in 1866 it was also omitted. In 1896 it was dropped from the 20-cent piece and the following

year from all silver coins, the trade dollar only reviving its use. The motto was first used on a half-penny or cent struck in New Jersey in 1786-7.

The motto "In God We Trust" has a curious history. Until 1864 no religious motto appeared on American coins. In November, 1861, a clergyman addressed a letter to Mr. Chase, the secretary of the treasury, suggesting a recognition of the Deity on the coins. This letter was referred to James Pollock, an ex-governor of Pennsylvania and director of the mint at the time, but it was found that the mottoes could not be changed without authority of law.

In December, 1866, the director submitted plans for a new three-cent, two-cent and one-cent piece, on which it was proposed that one of the following mottoes be inserted: "Our Country, Our God," "God, Our Trust." Mr. Chase suggested in lieu of these mottoes the one "In God We Trust." It was upon the two-cent piece authorized April 23, 1864 (since abolished), the motto of Secretary Chase first appeared.

It was also stamped on the 1860 issue of the double eagle, eagle, half eagle, silver dollar, half dollar and nickel five-cent piece in lieu of the long standing motto "E Pluribus Unum." In the trade dollar issue (1873) both mottoes were retained, "In God We Trust" appearing on the obverse.

This is a popular idea prevalent that the minute letter "M" stamped on the Goddess of Liberty just at the point where the largest lock of hair crosses the neck stands for "mint," and is an evidence of the genuineness of the coin bearing it. But this is a mistake.

The "M" stands for Morgan—George T. Morgan, who is the originator of the design. He also stamped the letter "M" on the reverse side of the coin, on the left half of the loop of ribbon tied about the wreath.

Regarding the Liberty head on the obverse side Mr. Zoeller, the designer of the soldiers' monument which is to be placed in Garfield square, Pottsville, says: "I have sought everywhere almost for a true head of Liberty, and I have come to the conclusion that the best head is that which at the present time has a place on our silver dollar. I propose to use it on account of its being the best representation of Liberty that can, in my judgment, be found."

Mr. Morgan, in order to get the design for the head which was accepted, selected as his model Miss Annie Williams, a young school-teacher, who had, Mr. Morgan said, "the purely American features."

Quite a number of people have been under the impression that Mr. Morgan's wife's head had been used as a model for the perfection of the design, but such was not the case.

Regarding the dollar mark writers are not agreed as to the derivation of this sign to represent the word dollar or dollars. Some contend that it comes from the letters U and S, which, after the adoption of the federal constitution, were prefixed to the currency of the new United States, and which afterward, in the hurry of writing, were run into each other, the U being made first and the S over it.

Others say that the contraction is from the Spanish pesos, dollars; others still believe it to be derived from the Spanish word fuertes, meaning hard, so called to designate silver and gold from paper or soft money. The more plausible explanation of the puzzle is this: That it is a modification of the figure 8, and that the character, as we mark it, denotes that we are speaking, or writing, of a sum of money equal to eight cents; or, as the dollar was formerly called—a piece of eight.

In the early history of the dollar, when everybody knew it as a piece of eight, writers who had occasion to mention it in their articles did so by making this character: (8)

The two eights and the double hyphen gradually "evolved" until it came out as \$

A word relative to the origin of the old shipplasters, emanating from no less a source than the late Gen. E. E. Spinner, whose unique autograph will long be remembered, may not be amiss at this particular point:

"When all the silver had been paid out of the treasury of the United States early in 1863 I procured from the post-office department quantities of postage stamps for the purpose of making change. My recollection now is that at that time five and ten-cent stamps were the only kind in use.

"So, to facilitate the making of change, I had the stamps pasted on slips of paper so as to make 25 and 50 cents. This was done after an agreement with Mr. Montgomery Blair, the then postmaster general, that he would redeem them in that condition in postage stamps. It was soon found that this mode of procedure was impracticable.

"I then persuaded the postmaster general to procure the engraving and printing of fac similis of the postal compound postage stamp. These the treasurer bought from the postmaster general under an agreement that the post office department should redeem them. This was what was called 'postal currency.'"

The postmaster general soon became tired of the additional responsibility and labor that the issuing and redemption of this currency threw upon his office, and he urged that the treasurer should relieve him of it. He then procured the passage of a law by congress for the printing of a currency which would represent the fractions of a dollar.

These were engraved and printed in

denominations of 3, 5, 10, 15, 25 and 50 cent notes, and in contradistinction to the postal currency were called fractional currency, and were receivable for all government dues.

Connected with the United States treasury is one of the most remarkable coin experts in the world. He is the coin examiner, and has the remarkable gift of discerning the slightest fraud in specie without being able exactly to tell how it is done.

If a counterfeit piece be concealed in a heap of money he will detect it blindfolded. He runs his fingers through the mass, and in a few moments every coin is tested. This is the result of that remarkable power of touch which is only perfected by long practice.

When Treasurer Huston came into his office he gave a receipt for what the treasury vaults contained, and this receipt was the largest ever given in the history of the world. A fac-simile of it is framed and hung up in the treasurer's office and it represents \$771,432,339.45%.

Gold coin is shipped abroad in five-gallon, iron-bound, oaken kegs. Each keg holds 10 bags and each bag contains \$5,000, so that the value of a keg is \$50,000. Gold from the other side usually comes in boxes.

Over 90 per cent. of the silver produced in the country passes through the hands of a few banks and firms which make it their special business in New York and San Francisco. In fact, three or four houses monopolize the greater part of the trade, and to them silver is consigned for sale by the mining and smelting companies.

They dispose of it in the market to the government (whose purchases under the late silver law are now of great importance), ship it abroad or buy it themselves.

The stock is believed never to be very large, and even during the recent silver agitation was not much more than from six to seven million ounces. Bars weighing 1,000 ounces on an average are usually 999 fine, and all transactions in them are on this basis, which is the standard of the United States coinage.

A number of bars go to the assay office to be converted into assay bars, which are thin bricks of silver weighing 200 ounces each and bearing the official stamp of weight and fineness. These are in demand by silversmiths on account of the guarantee of the stamp.

The bullion shipped to Europe is in the form of commercial bars, which are simply carted to the steamer and there placed, unpacked, in the treasure room. It is quite unusual to pack silver with the care that is bestowed on gold. The bars also form the bulk of the stock held in New York.—H. D. Sim, in N. Y. Commercial.

## WOMAN-WORSHIP.

The Object of Adoration Through Countless Ages.

That man-worship is childish, unrepentant, detestable, every American will admit, although, to see the favorite phrase of a noted jurist, "it is a good deal practiced in this community." But woman-worship, what shall we say of that? It is a ticklish subject to handle, for the ladies—some of them at least—think they were made to be adored and are jealous of their prerogative. We all know that—"The world was wild, the garden was a wild, and man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled."

What was his first impulse when she smiled the poet leaves us to conjecture. Perhaps, electrified by her beauty, he bent his knee in homage. Going to sleep as he did a disconsolate bachelor, and waking as he did with a lovely wife by his side, it is not difficult to suppose that he became upon the instant somewhat uxorious. Small blame to him if he prostrated himself before her, placed her pretty foot upon his neck, and swore to be her slave forever.

But woman is not a novelty in these days. She does not take us by surprise, and there is rather more of her in the world than there is of man. Ought she, then, to expect the same devotion that she received when she was a scarce article, and the other sex was not as well acquainted with her as it is at present? She complains, as a strong-minded individual, that she is denied her rights as the intellectual equal (not to say superior) of the creature with a beard; that he presumes upon his muscle and his whiskers, and oppresses her. She complains, as a weakling, that she is not treated with the tenderness and respect to which her defenseless condition and great need of protection entitle her. There may be some justice in both complaints; yet, upon the whole, woman is still the adorable and adored paragon of civilized society.—N. Y. Ledger.

—According to the Pharmaceutical Journal of Australia, the practice has been introduced into Victoria, on the recommendation of Baron von Mueller, of placing green branches of eucalyptus in sick rooms as a disinfectant. Dr. Curgenven states, after twelve months' trial, that in cases of scarlet fever, if the branches be placed under the bed, the bedding undergoes thorough disinfection, the volatile vapor penetrating and saturating the mattress and every other article in the room.

—Accounted For.—"How pale the cream looks," said the housekeeper. "Yes," replied the cook; "it's been whipped, mum."—Epoch.

## TEMPERANCE NOTES.

### THE FIRST GLASS.

Glass number one, "only in fun."  
Glass number two, "other boys do."  
Glass number three, "it won't hurt me."  
Glass number four, "only one more."  
Glass number five, "before a drive."  
Glass number six, "brat's first mix."  
Glass number seven, "starts up in heaven."  
Glass number eight, "stars in his pants."  
Glass number nine, "whisky, not wine."  
Glass number ten, "drinking again."  
Glass number twenty, "not yet a plenty."

Drinking with boys, drowning his joys;  
Drinking with men, just now and then,  
Wasting his life, killing his wife;  
Losing respect, manhood all wrecked,  
Losing his friends, thus it all ends.

Glass number one, taken in fun,  
Ruined his life, brought on strife;  
Blighted his youth, ruled his truth;  
Gave only pain, stole all his gain;  
Made him at last a friendless outcast.

Light-hearted boy, somebody's joy,  
Do not begin early in sin;  
Grow up a man brave as you can;  
Taste not in fun glass number one.  
—Central Baptist.

### ALCOHOLISM IN FRANCE.

The Enormous Consumption of Wines by the French People.

The atrocious crimes and verdicts that make a criminal court in this country a veritable chamber of horrors and indicate a marked affinity between the criminals and the jurors, are attributed by many observant Frenchmen to the alarming prevalence of alcoholism throughout France.

There is a popular error in the United States that drunkenness does not prevail in wine-producing countries. This may be true where pure wine is supplied to the people at cheap rates; but this is a thing of the far gone past in France. The analysis made by M. Girard, the director of the Paris laboratory, shows that ninety-two per cent. of the cheap wines offered for sale in the French market are adulterated, the adulteration consisting chiefly of diluted alcohol or the cheaper methylated spirits.

The supply of native wine falls far below the demand, and hence adulterations are stimulated to meet the general thirst for vinous beverages at a low price. This explains the well-known fact that wine, so-called, is never so cheap and abundant as when the grape crop fails. Whenever, therefore, there is a general failure of the grape crop of France the masses of her people who are addicted to wine bibbing should feel a sense of gratitude akin to that of the Irishman who, on beholding the vast quantities of food that poured into Ireland from the United States during the great famine of 1844, gratefully exclaimed: "The Lord bless the Americans! If it hadn't been for the famine we'd be all starvin' to death!"

It should also be noted that for many years France has imported more wine than she has exported, although her grape crop, even when most bountiful, is supplemented by immense shipments of raisins from Italy, Spain and Portugal. These raisins are fermented in combination with the juice of grapes to increase the wine product.

As the consumption of these wines has attained the enormous rate of forty gallons per capita per annum, in addition to a vast quantity of brandy, equally adulterated, and a very considerable amount of brain-corroding absinthe, it would be very surprising if the great body of the French people were not in a state of chronic drunkenness.

I have visited fifty-four of the eighty-six departments of France, and I can attest, with perfect truth, that her rural population has shared in the general deterioration, and no longer exhibits the homely virtues that we associate with rustic life. The faces of the vast majority of French agricultural laborers are red with wine and eau de vie, and a very large proportion of their earnings is paid to settle their scores at the pot houses.

A recent French writer, referring to the spread of drunkenness throughout the hamlets of France, says:

"In the villages the women are obliged, like the wives of workmen in the cities, to hang about the wine shops on pay days in order to fight for their children's bread with the victims of alcoholic shipwreck. Instead of putting away his sins and silver in the clothespress or in a corner near his chimney, and saving them for a rainy day as he formerly did, the countryman now spends them freely in daily visits to the tavern." "To this degeneration of her agricultural class may be imputed the fact that, although France has been favored for many years with good crops, yet her imports of food products have steadily increased, amounting in the year 1890 to 1,490,000,000 francs, or nearly \$239,000,000, thus exceeding her exports of such products for that year \$118,000,000.

Notwithstanding all these evils that beset the republic of France, and despite her vast debt of \$3,000,000,000, the largest ever borne by any nation, she still marches bravely forward under her mighty burden. For twenty-one years, the longest period by a decade that republican institutions have survived within her limits, she has illustrated in the midst of "mightiest monarchies" the benign principle of "government by the people and for the people," of which our own great republic is the highest embodiment. She is now a potent political force, and every year of her existence serves to swell the current of republican thought, that is surely, though slowly, undermining

every throne in Europe from the Rhine to the Thames.

May her rulers soon learn that "righteousness exalteth a nation," and avert retributive justice by removing from France the stigma of being the Sabbathless land.—American, in N. Y. Mail and Express.

### ALCOHOL IN MEDICINE.

Extract from a Lecture by Dr. J. E. Kellogg, of the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

No doubt alcohol could be dispensed with for medicinal purposes without harm and without occasioning loss of life. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred where it is used it does more harm than good. The class of cases in which alcohol is used more than any other is that of collapse. When a person has fainted away or has been nearly drowned or has received some injury so that his system is in a state of shock, the first thought with most people is that he must have some alcohol as soon as possible. Suppose the action of his heart is almost imperceptible, his breathing is disturbed, he is pale and in a clammy sweat, and to all appearance near to the point of death—how absurd under these circumstances to give alcohol to still further paralyze nerve centers already partially paralyzed. Pinch him and he does not feel it; apply a blister and it conveys no sensation. Alcohol is a narcotic and not a stimulant as is popularly believed. A drop of alcohol on the lip diminishes the tactile sense one hundred per cent, as can be readily demonstrated by anyone, and this is because alcohol is a paralyzer. Shall we, then, give alcohol to a man who is already partially paralyzed? If a patient gets well to whom alcohol is administered under such circumstances, it is in spite of the alcohol and not because of its aid.

What a person needs in the half paralyzed condition of shock, or one who is under the influence of some narcotizing drug, is waking up. Heat should be applied over the heart to stimulate its action, and the spine should be alternately sponged with hot and cold water. When a person has merely fainted, a slap on the right side, opposite the heart will often serve as well as anything to start up the action of that organ. Keep the body in a horizontal position; if any difference let the head be lower than the feet in any case of collapse or fainting, and be sure that the clothing is loose. It is a good plan to apply hot fomentations to the head as well as over the heart. The more intelligent class of physicians are coming to regard alcohol as less and less necessary for internal use in their practice. There are cases where an alcohol "rub" may be used advantageously, for it has an astringent effect upon the skin.—Reported by Helen L. Manning.

### TEMPERANCE BREVITIES.

PETITIONS containing thousands of names are constantly coming to Evanston to be attached to the great petition which seeks the outlawing of the liquor traffic and opium trade throughout all nations. Ceylon has sent 33,797 signatures; Burma, 32,073; Canada, 33,845. Lady Henry Somerset will bring to the Boston convention the English petition.

From the records of Yale college during the past eight years it is shown that the non-smokers were twenty per cent. taller than the smokers, twenty-five per cent. heavier and had sixty-six per cent. more lung capacity. In the last graduating class at Amherst college, the non-smokers have gained in weight twenty-four per cent. over the smokers; in height, thirty-seven per cent.; in chest girth, forty-two per cent.; and in lung capacity, eight and thirty-six hundredths cubic inches.—Western Medical Reporter.

"Is this the way to the poorhouse?" asked one man of another, as he pointed in a certain direction. "No, but this is," answered the other, as he pointed to a whisky flask sticking out of the inquirer's pocket. The answer was surely very correct. The whisky bottle is what drives many people to the poorhouse. It makes them neglect their business, it steals their earnings, it gives them bad habits, it clothes them and their children in rags, and robs them of their daily bread. Yes, and at last it robs them of their very souls.

DRINK is the great curse of Australia. High wages only too often lead to indulgence in bad colonial beer and wine that is even worse than malt liquor or spirits. Girls and women drink much more in the colonies than they do in England. This is partly owing to the hard work, partly to the hot climate. "I shouldn't like the girl who made me this shawl to see me in this place," said a girl while unpacking her box in a miserable Melbourne lodging house. She looked up, and there stood the maker of the shawl, the daughter of a poor but respectable Irish farmer. Both girls had been emigrants, and both had come to grief through drinking.

EVERYBODY respects a young man who refuses to drink, and in these days sensible men, even those who are not opposed to drinking on principle, are giving up the consumption of alcohol as a bad practice. They know by experience that it is one of the most serious of the obstacles to material success. Hunt out the real cause of half the bankruptcies and you would find it in drinking. Discover the true cause of the inability of young men to get ahead and in the majority of cases it would be drinking. The country boy who tries his fortune in the city cannot afford to take that risk. He must be in fighting trim always, with every power at his full command.



# The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

## POLE PLAYING.

An Interesting Game in Vogue Among the Indians.

Contrary to the generally accepted opinion, Indians are very fond of games, and they have invented many which betray great ingenuity, and at the same time call for considerable skill in playing. One of the most popular is throwing the pole, or "Nah-Joo," as it is called in the Apache dialect. The Indians pride themselves on their skill in "Nah-Joo," and devote weeks, and even months, in patient practice, perfecting themselves for the weekly contests that occur at the agency on "issue days," when the champions of the outlying camps congregate to draw their allotted portion of government beef, flour and other supplies.

Having seen that their respective squaws have secured a place in line to receive family rations and so all the drudgery connected with the same, the braves, especially the younger men, hasten to the pole-ground, where the game is promptly started and kept up without cessation the entire day.

The first requisite of the game is a suitable ground. This must be level, at least sixty feet long and eight or ten feet wide. It is prepared by clearing off all the debris, and then covering the entire surface with light, dried grass. At each end of the ground three parallel ridges are made by bunching up the grass so as to form two grooves of equal length for the poles to glide in.

The paraphernalia of this peculiar and somewhat intricate game consists of two poles, usually eighteen to twenty feet long, and a wheel nine inches in diameter. The poles are made of willow apliced with rawhide, and resemble very much an ordinary bamboo fishing rod. These are marked off from the butt end for a distance of thirty inches into unequal sub-divisions of nine parts, while the wooden wheel is divided into ten equal parts with a cross section or diameter of one hundred and twenty points, indicated by wrapping very small sinews around rawhide, so that the total number of coils will make sixty points on either side of the center, or one hundred and twenty points in all.

Standing in the middle of the ground, the wheel is taken up by one and rolled toward the center ridge, already explained, and then the poles are thrown, so that when the wheel falls it will fall on top of the poles and near the butt end, and every mark covered, whether on the wheel or the pole, counts for the players the total of all.

For example, if the cross section, which contains one hundred and twenty points, should fall directly over a pole, within the sub-divided spaces, it would count for the player the full number of points plus whatever other mark it touches on either the pole or wheel. The poles and wheel are then picked up by the players, and returning to the center of the ground, they roll the wheel as before toward the opposite end of the ground, and in this way the game continues.

From this it will be seen with what wonderful dexterity the poles are handled, and with what nicety of calculation the spot the wheel will fall is determined, for the slightest obstruction or tilt of the wheel will change its original course.

The "curve" so much admired in the baseball expert is here employed with wonderful ingenuity, for the wheel can be diverted from its apparent course at the will of the player. This, however, is a degree of skill that few attain.

Any number of points constitute the game, usually something under two hundred.—Golden Days.

## READY MONEY.

It is of Infinite Value to the Man in Distress.

The large majority of failures in business are caused by insufficient capital. The man who gets founded in Wall street, and on all other exchanges, is the man whose ventures are beyond his capital. He spreads too much sail and suddenly goes under. This is not only true of the speculator, but it is equally true in legitimate business. If one has five thousand dollars in cash, how many goods should he buy? Some will stock up with twenty-five thousand. A more prudent fellow will keep a good reserve, a surplus in cash. He is always afraid that a drought or a frost will destroy the corn, and what then?—the farmer can't buy his goods. They get out of style, and so he loses at both ends when he has stocked up wildly. Cash in hand, although drawing no interest, generally pays compound interest when the sheriff comes in, for instance, and slaughters goods for cash. Hosts of traders are ruined by straining their credit. How welcome to the pressed manufacturer is the merchant with plenty of money! He buys almost at his own price when bankers are not discounting commercial paper. And so it is at every turn of life; the man with ready money gets the best of everything.—Michigan Tradesman.

—Olden—"Remember, my son, to always keep your expenses within your income." Youngman—"Got a better plan than that. I propose bringing my income up to my expenses."—Indianapolis Journal.

# THE BATTLE FIELD.

## AN EXCITING CHASE.

A Federal Spy's Terrible Battle in the Water.

One of the most daring soldiers during the civil war was Harry Killo, who served as a spy in a Michigan regiment in 1863. His name became a terror to the confederates in whatever part of the field he served, until one day he found himself in the hands of a small band of raiders.

They were encamped on the banks of a small stream, and our spy was locked up in the closet of a strongly-built hut. Harry thought of his situation; he knew that a reward had been offered for him, and that he would probably be butchered; that a worse fate awaited him than being shot in the head, so he resolved to escape. Examination proved to him that the walls of the cell were strong and tight, so that no egress could be made through them. Then he examined the floor; it was of solid planks, fastened to sleepers and wooden pins.

"Ha!" suddenly exclaimed Harry, in a low tone, as he came upon a short plank which was loose. In a moment he had raised it, and with a silent congratulation he proceeded to make his exit down through the floor.

The floor of the house was about a foot from the ground, and as the young adventurer replaced the plank he felt his spirits rise within him. The house was full of men, and he could hear them carousing over his head. A few were keeping guard outside, but he felt sure he could slip by these as soon as it should become dark.

Darkness was not far off, and the only danger he apprehended was that the guerrillas would look into his vacant cell. Satisfaction, however, settled upon his mind as he saw the shadows of night gathering and thickening, and as the carousing overhead began to lose its loud and boisterous tones he crept slowly out from under the house, and pushed through the thick bushes until he reached the edge of the river over which he would be obliged to swim.

At that moment a loud cry, uttered by the guerrillas, reached his ear, and he knew that his absence had been discovered. He heard the tramp of many feet, and yells, curses and oaths reached his ears. They were on his track, and delay was death. Acting upon this thought he plunged silently into the river and swam for the opposite shore with firm, rapid strokes.

The raiders heard his movements, and he saw, to his horror, that four of them had started in pursuit in a small boat, while the report of a revolver broke upon the air, and the splash of the ball splattered the water into his face. Knowing that he could not reach the opposite shore ahead of his pursuers, he slackened his pace, and in a moment the boat was not ten feet off. "Surrender, Yank!" yelled the fellow in the bow of the little boat.

Our spy dived deep and came up nearly under the stern of the craft and exerting all his strength, directed with such skill as was only his, he capsized the boat, and then, with a loud laugh, he struck out for the shore.

He was a strong swimmer, but one of the largest of the men gained on him in spite of all he could do. He dreaded the embrace with his muscular pursuer, but it was inevitable—the huge fellow was already upon him, and it was fight or die.

The two men grappled, and the water foamed around them. Harry had never met his match in physical strength, and the burly raider was a child in his hands. He soon held him in a position which rendered him helpless, and seizing his enemy's throat, he choked him until he was insensible, and then let him sink to the bottom. It was necessary to this act in order to save his own life; and now that he had got rid of his worst antagonist, he reached the northern shore, and waving his hand, he uttered a yell of triumph and disappeared in the darkness, leaving his enemies to curse and swear with chagrin and malice.—N. Y. Morning Journal.

## A WAR INCIDENT.

Danger Does Not Deadens the Sense of Humor.

War has its horrors as well as its horrors, and the sense of humor in the individual will assert itself if it is in the man, no difference what the environment may be. There was a soldier in Company B of the Fourth Iowa Infantry, whose sense of humor was so strongly developed that the presence of danger only seemed to evoke it. His name was Pomeroy, but the regiment knew him as "Pom." Every soldier who had passed a night with him on outpost duty was ever after his admiring friend. He had been a clown or variety actor before the war, and could sing all the dialect songs and tell all the broken-English stories of the age. He could imitate a hand-organ and instantly assemble an audience in any regiment of the division. He was known as a jolly fellow all along the line, and was hailed with delight whenever he approached a group of fellow soldiers. To fighting he was not partial, and his ability as an actor enabled him to evade several of the sanguinary conflicts in which the regiment was engaged.

He was nicely caught, however, at Cherokee Station, while the regiment was moving from Memphis to Chattanooga. It was Sunday morning in camp. Tents had been pitched for a rest on that day, and inside a number

of Company B boys were playing poker. "Pom" among the rest of them. Firing was heard in the woods not far from camp, but it excited no comment, other than to elicit the remark from one of the players that "It is only the cavalry pickets discharging their pieces." Presently bullets came through the tents and simultaneously the cry of "Fall in! fall in!" was quickly repeated outside. Every fellow grabbed his musket and bounded out. The line was quickly formed and advanced to the woods, which were found to be full of Roddy's confederate raiders, dismounted. The work was hot for a few minutes and a good many men were killed and wounded before the confederates were driven back. "Pom" was in it and stayed in it until Roddy was driven out and across a field beyond the timber. On the crest of a hill commanding the field Roddy had a section of artillery, and when the regiment emerged from the woods he banged away with shells. The order to lie down was given, but Pomeroy did not like the position of affairs and decided to enter a protest. Rising to his feet, he waved his hand at the confederate battery and shouted so loud that all the regiment could hear him: "Quit your planned shooting over there. This field is full of people." The roar of laughter which followed the invocation deadened the sound of firing.—Hugh Burke, in Western Soldier.

## A KIND-HEARTED FOE.

The Humane Act of a Confederate Soldier in Battle.

During the late war for the Union at the battle of Munfordsville, Ky., the Union forces were defeated and many killed and wounded. Among the latter was an Indiana soldier belonging to the 80th Indiana regiment, Wilder's brigade. As this soldier was lying in a tent the 9th Mississippi regiment passed by and the soldier called for some one to give him water. John W. Haines, of Co. K, 9th Mississippi, responded to the call and gave the wounded soldier water out of his own canteen. Then he took two canteens and filled them with water and left them by the side of the Union soldier who inquired of Haines his name, company and regiment. He said, that will make no difference as we may never meet again. But the wounded Indian insisted that he should give him his address for he desired to know who had done him this kindness and perhaps saved his life. Haines gave him his name, company and regiment and where he resided and left him. Time rolled on and the Indiana soldier got well and returned to his regiment. In a short time after his return his regiment was sent to Hernando, Miss., and got there just in time to save the home of John W. Haines from being burned and his family turned out in the street.

He told the commanding officer how Uncle John Haines had got him water and cared for him at the battle of Munfordsville, and a guard was placed at Haines' home and his property saved. He did not tell Haines his name and therefore he is at a loss to find him. John W. Haines now lives at Vicksburg, Miss., and is very desirous to find this Indiana soldier. If this article should come to his observation he will do Mr. Haines a great favor by letting him know his whereabouts by addressing him at Vicksburg, Miss.—American Tribune.

## A Laughable Escape.

A corporal and two privates, having in their custody a deserter, were enjoying themselves at a country tavern near St. Louis, one day, during the recent war. The deserter amused his military guardians with several entertaining sleight-of-hand tricks, but being encumbered with the steel rattles, complained he could not display his skill to advantage, and requested to have his hands set at liberty whilst he exhibited a favorite trick, which he described. This being agreed to, he proceeded to tie the hands of the three soldiers, and his own together with a handkerchief, which he was wholly to loose with a gentle stroke. The magic knots were tied, but, on being shaken, the knots all remained firm except the one which held the deserter. This fell asunder with a touch; and, quick as an arrow, he lifted up the sash and darted head-first through the window, leaving his keepers raging at each other, and tugging like ill-coupled hounds, before they thought of cutting asunder their bonds, which having effected, they commenced a warm chase; but the deserter having got the start, rendered their efforts ineffectual.—N. Y. Ledger.

## A Johnny Joker.

In one of the confederate companies at Charleston there was a blue-eyed young Englishman full of merriment and vagabondism. One of his tricks was to mimic pompous officers, who sometimes stalked around the forts with their gold-mounted field-glasses, in a way that would bring down the house if done on the stage in comedy. He usually wore slung over his shoulder three joints of cane in imitation of a field-glass, and one day, after a long study of the enemy through the pretended magnifier, he dropped the instrument, leaped from the observatory where he stood and alighted among a crowd of men watching him from below. His face was the picture of alarm, and when asked what the matter was he answered hysterically: "The matter? Why, I brought those Yanks so close up with my glass that I became frightened and ran off."—Southern Bivouac.

# IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

## WHY WOMEN FAIL.

Reasons for Their Lack of Success in Business or the Professions.

Perhaps it would be well to put it why people fail in business, since the causes of failure in men and women are practically the same.

There is one source of failure among women, however, which is probably more common than among men, and that is the lack of special and patient training. In her delightful talk before the Chicago Women's club last year, which the writer has commented on before, Harriet Hosmer spoke with enthusiasm of her sister-artist, Rosa Bonheur. She attributed a part of her wonderful success to genius, and the rest to the long, faithful, painstaking labor which she expended in mastering the technique of her art—even donning men's clothing that she might visit the abattoirs and study from nature in the fields. The great sculptor then observed that she thought therein existed the one great difference between men and women artists—women wished to attain results without effort, and men were willing to work diligently and to wait patiently.

This is true of almost every other department of work where the skill of women might be utilized. For some inexplicable reason they have a mistaken idea that they can enter the ranks of skilled workmen, and with no training whatever, and frequently with only average intelligence, compete successfully with ability and experience. The age is pre-eminently an age of competition. The man or woman who desires to make place and win recognition must have all the helps that teaching and doing can afford. It is hard, even then, to keep up in the race, and not faint and falter before the goal is reached.

When the profession has been selected, fitness and education taken for granted, it is the first business of the aspirant to master all its difficulties, and to leave no part of it unlearned, however irksome and disagreeable the details may be.

Another fault is lack of professional zeal. There are a good many women employed in various capacities who, in their inmost hearts, consider it a grievance that they must support themselves. They do their work grudgingly and repiningly, indifferent as to the quality of the service rendered, and secretly elated if they are able to "get out" of any portion of their task. There are examples where women have succeeded in work that is wholly distasteful, but this is possible only where there are tremendous will power and proportionate conscientiousness, and such a character is about as rare as genius.

In the first place, it is not a grievance to be self-supporting, but it ought to be a source of comfort, strength and happiness. The realization that the living which the world is supposed to owe every human being has been honestly earned should afford almost as much moral support as the consolation of religion. It means that the worker is not dependent upon the brains and energy of others, that she is not a suppliant for succor unwillingly granted, and which she does not need; that she can make her way and straighten the rough places for those that are to come after her. In the second place the state of "being supported" is misunderstood. The woman in the family must work unceasingly in the highest spirit of self-sacrifice, diligently and well. She must look after the house that it may be clean and habitable; this involves, as Ruskin has shown, a part of the knowledge required. In mastering a score of professions. She is housekeeper, nurse, hostess, and in our uncertain domestic conditions, frequently cook and scrub-woman. In short, the skilled housekeeper must be ready for any emergency—illness, losses, misfortune, the defection of servants, the sudden calls of unexpected guests—all of which demand tact, amiability, forethought, endurance and wisdom. It is true that, in return for her services, she is housed, clothed and fed—"supported" as it is termed, but it is a trite observation that she contributes as much toward the family fortune as the outward and visible money-earner—her husband. But she frequently has that which, to a good woman, is the highest of all earthly compensations, the love and trust and fidelity of her husband—congenial and tender companionship which is denied the unmarried.

Last of all, there are many—too many women who have no comprehension of the value of time. They are not at their posts promptly, and are eager to leave before the work is finished—or finished as it should be. They think that nine o'clock means half-past nine; that noon comes in the after part of the day, and promises made, contingent upon fixed dates, are not binding. The woman who is most sincerely interested in what she is doing is in her place when she is needed, and remains there until her work is done. She literally takes no note of time, the task before her being the one thing of paramount importance. This applies peculiarly to newspaper women, whose "copy" must be handed in at stated seasons, and who expect to become reliable and valuable to their employers.

To recapitulate, then, the leading causes of failure are lack of training, unwillingness to submit to training, reluctance to work, a desire to be supported, disregard of time, and lack of

professional pride. It has been said already men, too, fall from all these causes, so that women are not alone in their transgressions, but there are probably more failures among women than among men, who have learned wisdom through experience.

In conclusion, it should be borne in mind that there is nothing to be done that it is so insignificant that one can afford to slight it. The slightest habit grows insidiously and unconsciously, and one should value her professional reputation as she values her moral character—too much to do any thing that is unworthy or discreditable.—Inter Ocean.

## THE WOMAN LAWYER.

Her Varied Experiences in the Law School and the Court Room.

A woman student of the law, whether in an office or a law school, has some peculiar experiences. To a single woman among a class of men, the dilemma of the lecturer as to a fitting mode of address is amusing. Most of them will gaze anxiously around, and, fixing the eye upon the lone female, with a slight bow will open the discourse with the word "Gentlemen." One professor was always careful and courteous enough to begin with the phrase: "Lady and gentlemen."

It is also amusing and gratifying to see the refining effect of the lady's entrance into the lecture hall or library of the school. If the upraised masculine feet do not at once and voluntarily come down from the table top or back of the next chair, they are assisted to their rightful place on the floor by the hands of some fellow student. Of course there are always some men who heartily disapprove of a woman's presence within the walls of the law school, and are pleased to show their disapproval in any way short of actually rude conduct. I have never known of systematically rude behavior toward a woman law student.

When the woman lawyer puts out her shingle, or in modern fashion inscribes her name on the marble tablets at the entrance of her building, her first experiences do not differ much from those of her brothers who are just beginning. Perhaps she has a few more "cranks" among her first clients, who go to her because they "think they will get more sympathy from a woman." When sooner or later they have to be shown the door, their reproaches for her inhuman hard-heartedness are particularly severe, because they "expected better things from a woman."

Her clients are not, as many suppose, chiefly women. On the contrary she is more likely to be employed by men, who want to give her a chance to show what she can do. Therefore her cases are as likely to be questions of business contracts as controversies that are connected with matters popularly supposed to be within a woman's sphere.

When she appears in court the woman attorney finds the judges and attending counsel as courteous and as deferential as they would be in her drawing room. They will treat her as an equal, except that they will assist her by placing chairs, handing books and papers, and doing more favors for her than for her male colleagues. In fact they treat her very much as they would treat the distinguished legal lights of the age if they were within the bar, that is, with a deferential courtesy. This of course is only the case when the woman lawyer behaves as a lady. If she assumes a defiant and bullying manner, as if to demand special recognition, she will receive the treatment she deserves. But such conduct is, I am happy to say, extremely rare among our women at the bar, and is much lamented by others who are in public opinion weighed in the same balance with such misguided persons.—Mary A. Green, LL.B., in Chautauquan.

## WOMEN IN THE FIELD.

Miss ANNIE E. ALLEN is the local editor of the Friendly Farmer, Wilton Junction, Ia. Her sister Laura has full control of the job printing department.

A WOMAN at Portsmouth, Eng., is a teacher of navigation, and many of her pupils have successfully passed the board of trade examination and got positions as mates and skippers.

Mrs. P. V. M. RAYMOND, of Lincoln, Neb., has for five years trained the oratorio chorus classes of Lincoln; and this year, by special request of the societies, she conducted their musical festival with great success.

The Pauret sisters are very successfully conducting a printing and publishing house in Brussels, which was founded by their father. One sister is a poet and the other edits *La Petite Revue Belge*, the first illustrated juvenile periodical ever published in Belgium.

A FEMALE jewelry drummer is the latest novelty on the road in Maine. She is handsome, dresses stylishly, wears a man's soft felt hat, and hails from New York. She is away up on the art of traveling, can not be imposed upon by hotel clerks, hackmen or railroad men, and always sells as many goods as the smartest of her male companions.

Mrs. WILLIAM H. CRANE has been the treasurer of her husband's theatrical company since 1876. She collects, pays salaries, bills for printing and other expenses, attends personally to the banking, sending of money orders and all other business connected with her position, handling from forty to sixty thousand dollars per month during the season.

# THE FAIR.

## PORTABLE.

It Is Serviceable.

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## THE DAIRY.

Fifteen Million.

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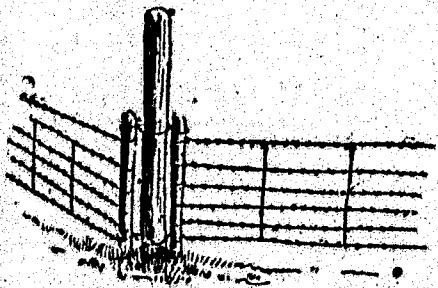


## THE FARMING WORLD.

### PORTABLE WIRE FENCE.

It is Serviceable, Looks Neat and is Very Easily Constructed.

Two years ago I built a barbed wire fence around a four-acre clover field. The posts were set deep and the wires were stretched tight and placed close together. I put six wires in a space thirty inches high and although it restrained the hogs, the pigs and shoots up to fifty pounds in weight would get through. I then measured off a plot ten rods square in an adjoining clover field, and with a post auger set a seven-foot post two and a half feet in the ground at each corner, bracing them well. Two small stakes of osage orange, two and a half feet long and two and a half inches in diameter were fastened to each corner post by bands of No. 13 galvanized wire, as shown in the sketch. The wires were then stretched between the short posts, making a panel on each side ten rods long. A staple was driven around



A SERVICEABLE BARBED WIRE FENCE.

each wire and into the post to prevent its slipping up or down. The first wire was placed on the ground or as near to it as possible, for, after the pigs have beaten a path around, it will be high enough. The second, third and fourth wires were placed three and a half inches above each other, the fifth four and one-half inches above the fourth and the sixth six inches above the fifth. This makes a fence twenty-one inches high, which is sufficient for hogs.

Four three-foot stakes were driven along each panel and two rods apart. The wires were alternated on each side of the stakes, which takes up the slack, and then stapled fast. I took No. 13 galvanized smooth wire and put it in lengths of thirty inches. These pieces were woven every four feet around each wire and act as stays to prevent the pigs from spreading the wires, and in a measure to give rigidity to the whole fence. In putting on these cross wires a pair of leather mittens or heavy gloves should be worn to protect the hands. Since building this fence I have had no trouble with pigs getting through. To move the fence all that is necessary is to remove the band wires from the corner posts, pull up the intermediate stakes, hitch a horse to one end and draw it where it is wanted. A spool could be made and the fence rolled up on a wagon.—American Agriculturist.

### THE DAIRY INDUSTRY.

Fifteen Million Cows Required to Supply the Demand for Milk.

There are \$2,000,000,000 invested in the dairy business of this country, says the American Analyst. That amount is almost double the money invested in banking and commercial industries. It is estimated that it requires 15,000,000 cows to supply the demand for milk and its products in the United States. To feed these cows, 60,000,000 acres of land are under cultivation. The agricultural and dairy machinery and implements are worth \$200,000,000. The men employed in the business number 750,000, and the horses are over 1,000,000. There are over 12,000,000 horses all told.

The cows and horses annually consume 30,000,000 tons of hay, and nearly 80,000,000 bushels of corn meal, about the same amount of oat meal, 375,000,000 bushels of oats, 2,000,000 bushels of bran and 30,000,000 bushels of corn, to say nothing of the brewery grains, sprouts and other questionable feed of various kinds that are used to a great extent. It costs \$450,000,000 to feed these cows and horses. The average price paid to the laborers necessary in the dairy business is probably \$20 a month, amounting to \$180,000,000 a year.

The average cow yields about 450 gallons of milk a year, which gives a total of 6,750,000,000 gallons. Twelve cents a gallon is a fair price to estimate the value of milk at, a total return to the dairy farmers of \$180,000,000, if they sold all the milk as milk. But 50 per cent of their milk is made into cheese and butter. It takes twenty-seven pounds of milk to make one pound of butter, and about ten pounds to make one pound of cheese. There is the same amount of albuminoids in eight and a half pounds of milk as there is in one pound of beef. A fat steer furnishes 50 per cent of boneless beef, but it would require 24,000,000 steers, weighing 1,500 pounds each, to produce the same amount of nutrition as the annual milk product does.

### AMONG THE POULTRY.

Poultry houses should face the south or southeast.

Turkeys and guineas are great foragers for insects.

Fullets rarely make good mothers.

Some of the old hens for hatchlings.

Ducks are grass feeders and it is not really good economy to attempt to fatten too large a number.

Guineas are kept largely for their eggs, of which they lay a large number in the spring and early summer.

### FEEDING ROOT CROPS.

Turnips and Potatoes Can Be Used to Excellent Advantage.

Western farmers, as a class, feed but little if any roots. Corn, oats, hay, straw and fodder are the principal materials used during the winter. There may be a surplus of turnips, potatoes or other root crops, but little care is taken to feed them out to secure the best results.

These can be used to a good advantage during the fall and winter, and especially when they cannot be sold at a price that will leave a profit. It is only in exceptional cases that the small, unmarketable potatoes, turnips or other root crops can be sold profitably. It is hardly good economy to sell the good ones at a low price in order to get rid of the smaller ones. A much better plan will be to sort them over, sell the best and feed the rest out to the stock. If the quantity is large so that this cannot be done before there is danger of freezing they can be stored in a cellar or put in pits and be taken out as needed. They make the best rations boiled and mashed mixing wheat bran, or wheat bran and corn meal with them. In this way they make a good fattening ration. If this plan cannot be followed conveniently another good plan is to slice or chop up and sprinkle bran, or corn meal and bran over them quite liberally and their feed. They should be clean, as it is not good economy to compel the stock to eat dirt when it can be avoided.

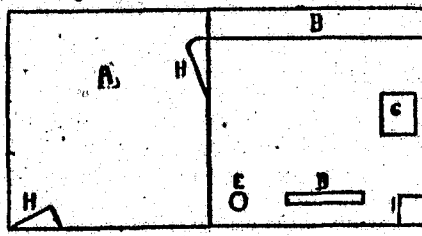
They are not a complete food in themselves, but fed in connection with grain or bran with roughness, they make up a good feed and especially so when there is a lack of variety.

Potatoes are good for hogs, horses or sheep; turnips make a good feed for sheep and cattle, as also do carrots or beets; parsnips are considered especially good for horses, so that all the surplus can be used to a good advantage. We are so accustomed to feeding corn that other materials are not considered at their value and are often wasted to a more or less extent on this account. Now this is the time when the late root crops are being harvested, and either marketed or stored away and with a little care considerable feed can be secured that will lessen the amount of grain necessary to keep the stock in a good condition, while the variety of feed will help maintain good health. Because a crop yields well and is cheap is no reason for wasting, but rather that more care be taken to make the most out of it.—Prairie Farmer.

### A POULTRY HOUSE.

It Has Points of Advantage Worthy of Serious Consideration.

We give, in this connection, a plan and elevation of a house recommended by Mr. Felch in his excellent work on poultry culture. In this house a sun and dust bath can be enjoyed in the open air by fowls, and the rest of the day the space can be used as additional house room. The front can be opened



GROUND PLAN.

A, scratching room. B, roost platform, with perches above and nests below. C, dust bath. D, feed trough. E, water basin. F, roaster's box. G, swinging door. H, swinging door.

by swinging the doors inward, throwing open a large space to southern exposure. The doors swinging in complete the position which forms the laying room and roosting room, the open place forming a shed for the sun bath, etc. When the partition is returned to the front the building becomes a house entirely inclosed.

Mr. Felch's plan represents a building 15x25 feet. Farm Poultry changed this to 15x30, with perpendicular walls



ELEVATION.

—the roosting room being 15x15, and open shed the same. This is the plan here illustrated. Three feet of the dividing partition is permanent, making the swinging front 12 feet, and having the 3 feet at the west end a door to swing back against the west end wall, as shown; 6-foot posts all around, and two equal-pitch roofs. Windows can be made as you please. Four light-sash, each six lights of 9x12 glass, one in each half front, and one in the end, would be ample.

### Where the Profit Comes In.

With sheep, as with other live stock, the best profit will be found in the weight that is made while the animal is young—with sheep within the first year and in the first one hundred pounds. The staple mutton for the table when we have really become a mutton eating people will be that which has been made within twelve months. By using good breeds and feeding well, the carcasses will be as heavy in that time as we have heretofore been accustomed to obtain from two and three-year old animals and the meat will be greatly superior in quality.—H. W. Fennell.

### Wide Awake for November.

It is worth everybody's while to buy the November Wide Awake, for three notable features: "The Boyhood of Hawthorne," by his relative, Mrs. Richard Manning of Salem, Mass., which is full of family anecdotes and gives a photograph of the first portrait painted of Hawthorne; the closing chapters of Margaret Sidney's famous serial, "Five Little Peppers Grown Up;" and "Nolan," a ballad by Mrs. Laura E. Richards, giving the tragic story of the bearer of Raglan's dispatch to Lord Lucan's "Light Brigade," when they made the famous "charge" at Balaklava; sure to become a favorite with boys for Declaration Day. Margaret Spencer has a capital story, "Gladys McLean's Halloween Party;" Mrs. Kate Upson Clark has a Thanksgiving tale, "Miss Estelle Elliott's Molasses Cake;" "Old Adams, the Bear-Tamer" is a bit of Western biography by Charles Howard Shinn. William Zachary Gladwin has a good story of a plucky boy, called "Johnny O'Dowd's Chance." "Men and Things" is rich in anecdotes, and readable poems and articles are contributed by Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Amanda B. Harris, "M. E. B.," Mrs. William Claflin, Clara Doty Bates, Caroline Hunt Rimmer, L. J. Bridgman, and many others.

Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year; 20 cents a number. An specimen (back number) will be sent on receipt of 5 cents., D. Lothrop Company, publishers, Boston.

### A Royal Pedagogy.

The king of Korea takes deep interest in the schools in which Korean youths are taught to read and write English, which has now been in successful operation for three years. A correspondent describes the annual examination, which the king personally conducts, as an entertaining and instructive spectacle, the more so, since his majesty does not speak or write the English language. As all his work is done between the hours of four in the afternoon and four in the morning, the examination often occurs at night. In his crimson-embroidered robes, the king sits behind a low, broad table, on which is placed an interlinear copy of the English exercises, vulgarly known as a "pony." Each candidate presents himself alone with deep prostrations, and to him is handed, while kneeling, a bamboo stick numbered to correspond with a page in the exercise-book, and this page the student is expected to read, explain and parse, the king meantime following the recitation by the aid of his "pony" and an interpreter.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, and then the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

The bass drummer in a parade may be perfectly honest, notwithstanding the popular impression that he beats his way.—Yonkers Statesman.

Cure Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horshond and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A corner in onions is a hard thing to make. They give themselves away when gathered in any large quantity.—Texas Siftings.

Any one can take Carter's Little Liver Pills, they are so very small. No trouble to swallow. No pain or griping after taking.

The poet says: "The stars are peeping." They are probably sizing up the audience through a slit in the curtain.—Binghamton Leader.

The real estate speculator is rarely satisfied with his lot.—Columbus Post.

The jockey manages to live luxuriantly on back pay.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Men with well-knit figures are seldom worried in a fight.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

This apple you mustn't have always looks the sweetest.—Ram's Horn.

A "toron" tender the offer of a slugger's hand in marriage.—Boston Courier.

Glaziers suffer most when they are not troubled with panes.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Following the faces—Many an empty pocket.—Puck.

Straining every nerve—Pulling a tooth.

Eaten out of house and home—The pie ate lunch.—Puck.

A stingy man can be relied upon to keep everything but his promises.—Elmira Gazette.

My son, eat and drink in moderation, for no man is happy with dyspepsia.—Texas Siftings.

"This is what I call rough," remarked the man when his head struck the sand-pape.—Lowell Citizen.

Every poet ought to keep a cat. No poet can get along without the meows.—Denver Sun.

The bill-poster is a man who will stick up for the worst man in the community.—Yonkers Statesman.

"I have struck a tremendous blow!" exclaimed the man who got caught in a hurricane.—Washington Star.

A surgeon knows little about railroad travel, but he is right up on handling a break.—Yonkers Statesman.

Billy—I didn't eat half enough supper. Besse—What did you have for supper? Billy—Company.

Quart's things happen sometimes. An Ohio man recently opened a jewelry store and got six years for doing so.

### To Dispel Colds.

Headaches and fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when colds are bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

The author who is seriously depressed by unfavorable notices of his work may be said to be critically ill.—Lowell Courier.

ALWAYS avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

An amateur sailor calls his yacht "Old Cheese;" there is always a "skipper" or so on board.—Binghamton Republican.



### The Turning Point

With many a man is some trivial act, and a mere recommendation of some friend to try S. S. S. has saved the lives of hundreds.

Specimens of good work for S. S. S. is natural, for wherever it has been tried there have always been good results.

S. S. S. for { BLOOD POISONING, CANCER OF THE SKIN, ULCERS AND SORES, ALL SKIN DISEASES. A treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free on application. Druggists Sell It. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.



more ruinous rubbing, but there's washing that's easy and economical and safe.

Millions of women are just as sensible as this one. Are you?

Send Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, do the honest thing—send it back.

It is an old-fashioned notion that medicine has to taste bad to do any good.

Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil with its fish-fat taste lost—nothing is lost but the taste.

This is more than a matter of comfort. Agreeable taste is always a help to digestion. A sickening taste is always a hindrance. There is only harm in taking cod-liver oil unless you digest it. Avoid the taste.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.



LADIES suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex, ladies find a safe, speedy cure. Returns rose bloom on cheeks, beautiful complexion. Sold everywhere. All genuine bottles bear "Crescent" brand and 2 cent stamp for 32-page pamphlet. DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPSS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. EPSS has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Oval Service.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins. All grocers, delicatessen stores, JAMES EPSS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

INFORMATION ABOUT ARKANSAS

ARKANSAS is a beautiful state, with a fertile soil, and a healthy climate. It is a state of great promise, and one that is rapidly developing. For more information, write to the Arkansas State Board of Agriculture, Little Rock, Ark.

## DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep

Seated Ulcers of 40 years

standing, Inward Tumors, and

every disease of the skin, except

Thunder Humor, and

Cancer that has taken root.

Price, \$1.50. Sold by every

Druggist in the U. S. and

Canada.

Before Buying Test

of your

Water

COAT

POUR some water in the above building the light as here shown or anywhere else where there is a seam, and see if it is water tight. There are no goods in the market that look any better but will leak at every seam. We warrant TOWNE'S IMPROVED Fish Brand Slicker to be water tight at every seam and everywhere else; also not to peel or crack, and authorize our dealers to make good any Slicker that fails in either point.

Watch Out for the Right Woolen Collar and Fish Brand Trade Mark.

As J. TOWNE, 145 N. Boston, Mass.

A Sensible Woman

She's putting the washboard

where it'll do some good. She

has suffered with it long

enough; broken her back over

it, rubbed the clothes to pieces

on it, wasted half her time with it.

But now she knows better.

Now she's using Pearlina—and

when a woman uses Pearlina,

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board is in the kitchen fire.

There's no more hard work, no

more ruinous rubbing, but there's washing that's easy and

economical and safe.

Millions of women are just as sensible as this one. Are you?

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# THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, '01.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Wonderful events are close at hand if Rev. Dr. Heber Newton is a true prophet. "I believe," says he, "that there will be greater changes in the world before the end of our century than there have been at any other time since the advent of Christ."

The English hunting season began last Monday. One hundred and fifty-five packs of hounds stand ready to chase the poor foxes to death. So long as men find a real pleasure in the killing of animals they are not so civilized as they might be.

Ex-Senator Ingalls always had a picturesque and perspicuous way of expressing himself. Years ago, when a young lawyer, he thus referred to the spiritual dimensions of his client's opponent: "This man's soul would have more room in a mustard seed than a bullfrog in Lake Superior."

Recently the mother of Gen. John Morgan was called "the mother of soldiers," because a half dozen of her boys saw service in the war. Mrs. H. B. Merchant, of Rockford, Ill., deserves the title more than any woman living. She had eleven sons in the union army. She has been granted a modest pension by special act of congress.

A remarkable wedding occurred in Port Jefferson, L. I., two or three days ago. Mrs. Benjamin Gordon, aged 66, married William Taylor, her hired man, aged 22. But fully as remarkable a wedding will soon take place in Georgia. Hiram Lester, aged 124, is to marry Mrs. Mosley, a young widow of 70. Lester used to be well acquainted with George Washington.

Arrangements are being made to erect a monument in Richmond to the memory of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. Stuart was killed at the battle of Yellow Tavern in 1864. He was one of the youngest and most brilliant of the rebel chieftains. He commanded the cavalry of Lee's army, and his brief career was crowded with romantic exploits.

Peter Weingarter, of Mascoutah, Ill., does not know so much as his 60 years should have taught him, else he would not have taken out a license to wed young and handsome Emma Hoenth until he had consulted her. When Miss Hoenth heard what Peter had done, she procured a large horse-whip, sought his whereabouts and gave him a regular Russian knouting.

Presence of mind is an unusual form of precocity. George Kreuder, of Newark, attempted to hang himself the other day. After connecting his neck to the ceiling by means of a stout rope, he pushed over the chair upon which he was standing. While his wife ran screaming out doors their 4-year-old Annie quietly picked up the chair and put it under her father's feet. Kreuder was extremely thankful, for soon as the rope tightened he had reconsidered his determination.

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# THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, '01.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

**CHURCH DIRECTORY**  
Covenant Church. Pastor, Dr. J. P. Church. Services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.  
R. P. Church. Pastor, Dr. J. P. Church. Services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.  
M. E. Church. Pastor, Dr. J. P. Church. Services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.  
Young People's meeting Wednesday night, 7:30.

U. P. Church. Pastor, Dr. J. P. Church. Services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.  
A. M. E. Church. Pastor, Dr. J. P. Church. Services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.  
Baptist Church. Pastor, Dr. J. P. Church. Services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.

**ONLY A**  
The American come No

Colorado the Iron Members of the Wagon the

There are about ranging wild in C ver Republican. whom frontier recently killed five. It has been so ly stated and pub can buffalo and b pletely and thoro general public ha a fact and believ mens are those v mestical and and cured for in gardens and parl That there are on the plains is are enough, wil soon produce la where once the these animals, rapidly reduced slain them sim pleasure they b ing large gam less than fifty herds. These a er and more tricts, their h effective prote the state game general assem So small h these distinet that in 1889 t ed a law prov the killing of the year 1890 years for th spite of this ceived but a one in the R buffaloes. S started at o personal in While out he sive visit th just return count. He with many enforcemen nonenforce and predic decisive is buffalo w wiped from reports a game dar was asked buffalo a "There he stated and cripi osing to were kill found t guilty if admitted boasted we coul investig him, an would, d "I ju state so lues, at One of Middle Another in the possibl fifteen county except Danc

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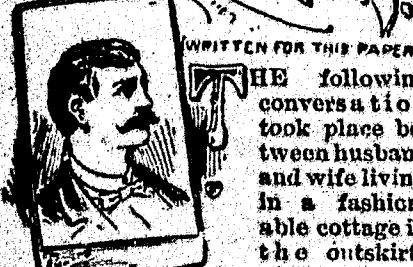
# LOVE MAKES THE HOME.

There is a gabled pile called home,  
That looks as if it were a home,  
But who looks in with loving eyes  
And sees all that is hidden there,  
And finds that hearts are true and true,  
And that there is no home  
Where love is not supreme.

There is a cot with four plain walls,  
That would make a princely home,  
With pillars and gilded dome;  
The golden talisman is not there  
And bitter the draught of fate,  
For eyes grow dim and souls grow hard  
Where love is not joined with hate.

Where hearts are tender and thrill with love  
In castle or dug-out lair,  
That spot is blessed by Heaven's decree,  
For truly a home is there,  
And the angels flying about that spot  
Pause awhile with spreading wings,  
To smile at the glimpse of Heaven here  
That pure and true love brings.  
—Edwin Ralph Collins, in Texas Sittings.

# Comedy of Errors



Charles, how can you be so foolishly  
jealous? You yourself put the picture  
of your friend Frank Oswald on the  
writing desk, and if I look in that di-  
rection you accuse me of admiring it,"  
said Mrs. Jackson.

"I am not jealous, Emily, but it an-  
noys me to see how remarkably  
amiable you are whenever Oswald is in  
the house," replied her husband, rather  
testily.

"But Mr. Oswald is your best friend,  
and I think it my duty to make your  
friends feel as much at home as pos-  
sible when they call on us. Besides it  
is very evident that Mr. Oswald is very  
much smitten with my sister, Fanny.  
That fact and his friendship for you  
are the reasons why he is such a fre-  
quent visitor here."

"O, yes, I suppose so," remarked Mr.  
Jackson, taking his leave.

Mrs. Jackson, a young and beautiful  
woman, was very much hurt by the un-  
kind insinuations of her husband,  
whom she loved dearly. A sudden idea  
flashed through her mind, and as taking a  
seat at the writing desk she penned the  
following lines, which she hoped would  
reassure her jealous lord and dispel his  
unworthy suspicions:

"My Dearest Darling: It is difficult for me to  
reassure you verbally that you alone are the only  
man I love, and that I am wholly indifferent to  
all others, so I write you this letter."  
The front door bell rang, and before  
Mrs. Jackson could finish the letter to  
her husband the servant ushered into  
the room Mr. Oswald, the object of her  
husband's jealous fears. He was a  
young man and strikingly handsome.  
Laying aside her pen, Mrs. Jackson  
greeted the new arrival.

"I hope I see you well, Mrs. Jackson.  
I have brought you a few flowers," and  
he gallantly handed her a bouquet of  
roses, as he had often done before.

"You are very kind, Mr. Oswald. I  
am sorry Charles has just gone out,"  
said Mrs. Jackson, somewhat embar-  
rassed.

"Gone out, has he? Well, that's all  
the better. He need not know any-  
thing of what I am going to tell you,"  
said the visitor, taking a chair and  
drawing close to his fair hostess. "The  
fact is, my dear Mrs. Jackson, that for  
a long time I have been watching for a  
good chance to talk with you about a  
matter that concerns us both."

Mrs. Jackson turned pale. Was her  
husband right, after all? Did his  
friend have the audacity to speak of  
love?

"It is about a little love affair of  
mine," continued Oswald, with a deep  
sigh; "I am deeply in love, and I rely  
on you. If you will consent—"

Without saying a word Mrs. Jackson  
rose, and casting a withering glance  
at her visitor, indignantly left the  
room. To say that Mr. Oswald was

surprised is to use a feeble expression.  
How could he have offended her? He  
collected a few moments.

"I don't know why my expressing  
my love for her sister should make her  
so angry. I know on general principles  
that a woman never forgives the man  
who admires another woman more than  
she does her. He who does that com-

mits the unpardonable crime. But Mrs.  
Jackson is married. It is a mystery to  
me. I can't understand why she should  
exhibit so much feeling."

As he strode up and down his eyes  
fell on his photograph on the writing-  
desk. He smiled and soliloquized: "Yes,  
I am a pretty good looking fellow. I  
suppose she likes admiration even if  
she is married. What is this? Perhaps  
this will throw some light on the sub-  
ject," and he glanced over the unfinished  
letter. "My dearest darling," "Humph!  
Wonder who he is? This is Mrs. Jack-  
son's handwriting. She writes that all  
other men are indifferent to her, and  
she a married woman! Poor Charlie! I  
feel sorry for him. He imagines, poor  
deafened mortal, that she lives for him  
alone."

All at once Oswald struck his fore-  
head with the palm of his hand. "What  
a blind fool I am! This letter is meant  
for me. I am the dearest darling. That's  
why my picture is on the desk. Nobody  
except myself must see this," and  
folding up the unfinished letter he put  
it in his breast pocket. "Now I  
understand everything," he continued.  
"What shall I do? Poor Jackson is de-  
voted to his wife, and I could not un-  
decide him for the world. The best  
thing to do is to cure this woman of  
her silly infatuation. I'll give her a  
dose that will effect a permanent cure,"  
and he sat down and wrote as follows:

"MY DEAR MAMMA—While I feel very much  
flattered by your declaration of love, I regret  
that I can not reciprocate your affection; and  
I desire, moreover, to call your attention to its  
manifest impropriety. You seem to forget that  
you are a married woman and that your hus-  
band is my dearest friend. Moreover, I am de-  
votedly attached to your sister, Fanny, and  
still hope to win her love. Hoping that these  
lines may open your eyes to the gravity of the  
situation, I remain yours truly,  
FRANK OSWALD."

Having placed the letter in an en-  
velope he addressed it, put it in front  
of his own portrait on the writing desk,  
and took his departure, shaking his  
head and very much bewildered.

In the meantime, there was a dis-  
tressing tableau in Mrs. Jackson's bed-  
room. The latter amid choking sobs  
and blinding tears had told her sister

of the insulting conduct of Mr. Oswald.  
Miss Fanny, who had reason to suppose  
that Oswald had been paying his ad-  
dresses to her with the serious intention  
of proposing matrimony, was indignant  
at the entire male sex, and Mr. Frank  
Oswald in particular. The sister re-  
solved never again to speak to him,  
and Miss Fanny wrote him a note that  
gave him pretty plainly to understand  
that his continued acquaintance was  
not desired, as she perceived that his  
intentions were not honorable.

Poor Jackson, tortured by jealousy,  
returned home. The first thing that met  
his eyes was Oswald's letter to his wife.  
He recognized the handwriting and  
with trembling fingers tore open the  
envelope and mastered its astounding  
contents. Pale as death he sank into a  
chair, and covering his face he moaned:  
"So fair and yet so false. She married  
me only to betray me. My worst fears  
are more than confirmed."

Jackson was so overwhelmed with  
grief that he did not notice that his  
wife had entered the room.

"What is the matter with you,  
Charlie?" she asked anxiously.

"You asked me what is the matter?  
I got a letter. That's what is the mat-  
ter."

"I am so glad,"

"So glad?" he almost shrieked, shak-  
ing Oswald's letter in her face.

Just at this moment, when Mr. Jack-  
son was confronting his wife with the  
supposed evidence of her affection for  
his friend, who should enter the room  
but Oswald himself. His eyes were  
blazing with excitement as he said, in  
a voice tremulous with emotion, hold-  
ing in his hand an open letter which he  
had received from Mrs. Jackson's sis-  
ter, Fanny:

"Excuse me if I intrude, but I  
knocked twice on the door and got no  
answer. I have just received a letter  
which I cannot understand, but for  
which I must have an explanation."

"My dear friend," said Jackson, tear-  
fully, "you are not to blame. It is  
all her fault."

"Of course I am not to blame. You  
are not to blame either. The fault lies  
with the fickle woman who wrote the  
letter," said Oswald, supposing his  
friend referred to the letter written by  
Miss Fanny. "You have nothing to do  
with this outrageous letter which your  
wife's sister has written to me. What  
have I done to deserve it?" and he held  
out the exasperating document in his  
trembling hand.

"What have you done to deserve it?"  
said Mrs. Jackson, with fire in her eye.



THE TWO SISTERS BEWAIL MAN'S PER-  
FIDY.

# TEMPERANCE NOTES.

## A SAD STORY.

An Incident Illustrative of the Dreadful  
Power of Rum.

Looking over the daily papers not  
long since this heading appeared among  
the local items: "A Sad Story." It was  
a short, concise story, printed in ten  
lines of the column devoted to items of  
a local nature: "Frank Talbot, a young  
man twenty-six years old, died in the  
jail last night of consumption. He had  
been committed for drunkenness the  
week before. When he was told he  
could not live long he told his story to  
the physician. He had been living in  
the city under an assumed name for a  
year because he did not wish to dis-  
grace his friends. His family did not  
know where he was although they had  
always been kind to him and tried to  
do all they could to save him. But  
liquor had made a complete slave of  
him. He had a good position in his  
native town but lost it because his  
head was not kept level enough to fill  
the responsibilities. He would have his  
spree. Being naturally of a delicate  
constitution the exposures incident to  
a vagrant, drunkard's life had told  
upon him. His friends were notified of  
his illness but he had passed away be-  
fore their arrival."

A sad, sad story, indeed! But the  
boy who heard it read said: "He  
needn't have been a drunkard; he  
might have behaved himself." Yes,  
yes, he might have been somebody of  
whom his friends would have been  
proud, but instead of that he was a  
source of sorrow to them. That young  
man had good parents and good Chris-  
tian teaching, but liquor was his  
master. Once he was a temperate,  
happy boy, but some time he took a  
first drink, and that was the beginning  
of all his ruin and shame. You boys  
may not have as yet been tempted by  
this form of evil but the temptation is  
sure to come to you as it has to others.  
Many a boy as bright, as well beloved,  
as well brought up and cared for as  
you have been, has become a drunk-  
ard.

Older tempters have argued with  
him that a man who cannot drink as  
much as he thinks good for him and  
no more, is not a very strong charac-  
ter. But let me tell you, my boys, the  
only safety from being overcome with  
strong drink is to let it entirely alone.  
No arguments for or against will be  
necessary then. The power of the habit  
of liquor drinking once formed is some-  
thing very hard to be overcome.

In the police reports of a daily paper  
a few weeks since the arrest of a mid-  
dle-aged man for a serious crime was  
mentioned. His crime, and two-thirds  
of all the crime committed, was due to  
the same cause—strong drink. Follow-  
ing the notice was this statement made  
by the prisoner:

"Drink was the cause of my ruin.  
Nobody knows the power of such an  
appetite but the man who has suffered  
from it. Years ago I took my dying  
mother's hand and promised her I  
would never drink another drop. I  
meant just what I said. I tried hard to  
keep my promise, but the terrible  
thirst for liquor overcame me, and in a  
few weeks I was drinking as hard as  
ever. Two years ago my little girl  
died. She begged me on her death-  
bed to stop drinking, and I promised  
her I would. I called upon God to  
witness the promise. I wanted to keep  
it, but after my little girl had gone  
the terrible thirst for liquor came  
again. I fought against it, but it over-  
powered me. Drink had destroyed my  
will-power. I loved my child, but  
chains were forged about me that I  
could not break."

So you see, boys, how very hard it is  
to reform after one has formed the  
habit of drinking. The problem of  
rescuing the country from this terrible  
curse is agitating the wisest heads.  
They feel that it must be driven out;  
but what is the best way to do it? That  
is the question. You boys can solve  
the problem, as far as you are individ-  
ually concerned, by being determined  
that you will never take even one  
drink. If every boy would make that  
resolution and keep it, old King Al-  
cohol's head would soon tumble off and  
roll into the bottomless abyss.

This is a very serious matter, and in  
view of the ruined lives—thousands of  
them—the broken-hearted mothers, the  
sorrowing friends, and the unlimited  
amount of human misery caused by  
this power for evil, I beg that you will  
consider this momentous subject, and  
pledge yourselves to do all you can, in  
the name and with the help of the  
Lord, to exterminate "the serpent of  
the still."—Susan Teall Perry, in the  
Evangelist.

## A DOG WITH A HEART.

How He Mourned When His Pet Cat Was  
Laid to Rest.

Here is a pathetic little story, illus-  
trative of the affection that may be  
cultivated between a dog and a cat,  
and being a strictly true story makes  
it all the more worthy of telling. A  
family in this town had a dog about  
fourteen years old, and a cat about  
nine, both of which they had raised.  
Between these animals the most  
marked affection sprang up, and they  
were inseparable friends. They ate to-  
gether, slept together and played to-  
gether, and if by chance they became  
separated they each showed in the  
most marked manner their discom-  
fort and unhappiness. If the cat got out  
of the house the dog whined most persis-  
tently and dolefully until she came  
back, and if the dog happened to be  
absent the cat acted in a similar man-  
ner. A short time ago the cat died,  
and it was then that her companion  
manifested the most unmistakable  
signs of distress. He pushed her body  
around with his nose, apparently try-  
ing to wake her, all the while whining in  
the most woebegone manner. A little  
boy in the family, whose constant com-  
panions the animals had been, decided  
to bury his dead friend, and securing a  
box, put the body in it, and after nail-  
ing on the lid carried the box into the  
garden, dug a hole and after placing it  
therein covered it, as he supposed, se-  
curely. In the meantime the dog  
moped about the house, refusing either  
to eat or drink, and looked so distressed  
that it was painful to see him. One  
day the boy noticed that the dog's nose  
and head were covered with mud, and  
he thought at once struck him that he  
had found his friend's grave, and had  
tried to resurrect the body. He went  
into the garden and found that his sus-  
picions were correct. The dog had ac-  
tually dug down and uncovered the  
box, but as the lid was securely nailed  
on, he could not bring the body to the  
surface. The dog followed the boy to  
the grave and whined and howled pit-  
eously while the boy made arrangements  
to reinter the cat. After a good many  
days the dog gradually came back to  
his appetite, and although more or less  
doleful, had, apparently, regained his  
normal condition. This is a homely  
little story, but it has one merit—it is  
strictly true.—Baltimore County Union.

## A FAMOUS STONE WALL.

How It Was Built with Peaceful Intent,  
and How It Figured in a Great Battle.

Rev. Benjamin L. Agnew, pastor of  
the Bethlehem Presbyterian church,  
corner Broad and Presbury streets, re-  
cently mentioned a fact which may be  
known to few, and will be of interest  
to many.

"Fifty years before the war," he said,  
"my father, Smith Agnew, lived with  
his father, Rev. Dr. Dobbin, in this  
stone house on the Baltimore pike, a  
short distance from Gettysburg. At  
that time he was a lad of seventeen  
years. He took entire charge of the  
farm, which in some sections was very  
stony. One day the thought struck  
him that these stones could be utilized  
by gathering them and building with  
them a stone wall. He enlisted the  
services of a negro who resided in the  
vicinity, and together they hauled the  
stone to the place selected and built  
the celebrated stone wall whose name  
will exist while history lasts."

Young Agnew built his wall with  
great care, using large flat stones as  
binders and filling in with smaller ones,  
little dreaming at that time what an  
important place that wall would oc-  
cupy in the greatest battle of modern  
times. It was here that Gen. Pickett's  
division, headed by his valiant Vir-  
ginians, made its memorable charge, and  
although it was thrown into confusion  
by the flanking fire of Stannard's Ver-  
monters and Doubleday's division, still  
pressed forward and at last succeeded  
in planting a confederate flag on this  
wall, only, however, to be driven back  
with the loss of three-quarters of its  
number by the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-  
first and Seventy-second Pennsylvania  
volunteers under Gen. Hancock.

After peace had been proclaimed Mr.  
Agnew visited the old homestead and  
found the old stone wall standing in  
almost as good condition as when it  
had been built.—N. Y. Press.

# TEMPERANCE NOTES.

## A SAD STORY.

An Incident Illustrative of the Dreadful  
Power of Rum.

Looking over the daily papers not  
long since this heading appeared among  
the local items: "A Sad Story." It was  
a short, concise story, printed in ten  
lines of the column devoted to items of  
a local nature: "Frank Talbot, a young  
man twenty-six years old, died in the  
jail last night of consumption. He had  
been committed for drunkenness the  
week before. When he was told he  
could not live long he told his story to  
the physician. He had been living in  
the city under an assumed name for a  
year because he did not wish to dis-  
grace his friends. His family did not  
know where he was although they had  
always been kind to him and tried to  
do all they could to save him. But  
liquor had made a complete slave of  
him. He had a good position in his  
native town but lost it because his  
head was not kept level enough to fill  
the responsibilities. He would have his  
spree. Being naturally of a delicate  
constitution the exposures incident to  
a vagrant, drunkard's life had told  
upon him. His friends were notified of  
his illness but he had passed away be-  
fore their arrival."

A sad, sad story, indeed! But the  
boy who heard it read said: "He  
needn't have been a drunkard; he  
might have behaved himself." Yes,  
yes, he might have been somebody of  
whom his friends would have been  
proud, but instead of that he was a  
source of sorrow to them. That young  
man had good parents and good Chris-  
tian teaching, but liquor was his  
master. Once he was a temperate,  
happy boy, but some time he took a  
first drink, and that was the beginning  
of all his ruin and shame. You boys  
may not have as yet been tempted by  
this form of evil but the temptation is  
sure to come to you as it has to others.  
Many a boy as bright, as well beloved,  
as well brought up and cared for as  
you have been, has become a drunk-  
ard.

Older tempters have argued with  
him that a man who cannot drink as  
much as he thinks good for him and  
no more, is not a very strong charac-  
ter. But let me tell you, my boys, the  
only safety from being overcome with  
strong drink is to let it entirely alone.  
No arguments for or against will be  
necessary then. The power of the habit  
of liquor drinking once formed is some-  
thing very hard to be overcome.

In the police reports of a daily paper  
a few weeks since the arrest of a mid-  
dle-aged man for a serious crime was  
mentioned. His crime, and two-thirds  
of all the crime committed, was due to  
the same cause—strong drink. Follow-  
ing the notice was this statement made  
by the prisoner:

"Drink was the cause of my ruin.  
Nobody knows the power of such an  
appetite but the man who has suffered  
from it. Years ago I took my dying  
mother's hand and promised her I  
would never drink another drop. I  
meant just what I said. I tried hard to  
keep my promise, but the terrible  
thirst for liquor overcame me, and in a  
few weeks I was drinking as hard as  
ever. Two years ago my little girl  
died. She begged me on her death-  
bed to stop drinking, and I promised  
her I would. I called upon God to  
witness the promise. I wanted to keep  
it, but after my little girl had gone  
the terrible thirst for liquor came  
again. I fought against it, but it over-  
powered me. Drink had destroyed my  
will-power. I loved my child, but  
chains were forged about me that I  
could not break."

So you see, boys, how very hard it is  
to reform after one has formed the  
habit of drinking. The problem of  
rescuing the country from this terrible  
curse is agitating the wisest heads.  
They feel that it must be driven out;  
but what is the best way to do it? That  
is the question. You boys can solve  
the problem, as far as you are individ-  
ually concerned, by being determined  
that you will never take even one  
drink. If every boy would make that  
resolution and keep it, old King Al-  
cohol's head would soon tumble off and  
roll into the bottomless abyss.

This is a very serious matter, and in  
view of the ruined lives—thousands of  
them—the broken-hearted mothers, the  
sorrowing friends, and the unlimited  
amount of human misery caused by  
this power for evil, I beg that you will  
consider this momentous subject, and  
pledge yourselves to do all you can, in  
the name and with the help of the  
Lord, to exterminate "the serpent of  
the still."—Susan Teall Perry, in the  
Evangelist.

## A BROKEN PLEDGE.

The Sad Story of a Drunken Father's  
Inhumanity.

"It's broken, Miss Lewis. Take it  
back."

A small brown hand held up a pledge  
card wrapped in a bit of paper, and  
such a tone of misery, shame and de-  
spair rang in the words that I hastened  
to say, consolingly: "Never mind,  
Flash; I will get you another card if  
you will promise to be more careful."

"But it is broken, the pledge is  
broken. I've been drinking."

"Drinking, Flash?" I cried, hotly;  
for this boy, rough, dirty, ignorant as  
he was, had a place very near my  
heart, and I hoped much for him.

Flash was one of the boys that had  
been brought into our little West side  
mission, and, though small and thin  
from want of proper food, was bright,  
cheerful and so quick as to have

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## BITS AND BRIEVITIES.

MAKE men see and feel that a saloon  
is a more positive evil to a neighbor-  
hood than a shanty filled with small-  
pox patients, and a fire will be kindled  
which will purge the country of its  
greatest crime and misery bresler,  
whose colossal shadow envelops Chris-  
tendom and carries a thrill of misery,  
a pulsation of vice, a throbb of degrada-  
tion wherever it falls.—Arena.

The drinking population of the  
United States spends fifteen millions of  
dollars in liquors each year. There is  
one rum saloon to every 107 voters east  
of the Mississippi river, and one to  
every 43 voters west of the Mississippi,  
and 25,000 saloons in these states and  
territories of the union waste enough  
hard substance to feed, clothe and pay  
the house rent of every family in the  
United States.—Westerly (N. Y.) Tribu-  
une.

No work for temperance is more  
fruitful of the best results than that  
which secures scientific temperance in-  
struction in the schools. Those who  
are early made to realize the mischief  
wrought in body and mind by the use  
of intoxicants are almost certain to be  
total abstainers and intelligent work-  
ers in the cause of temperance. The  
first tabulated report of this depart-  
ment of the Massachusetts W. C. T. U.  
has been issued. It evidences the  
faithful efforts made to improve the  
present temperance education law, and  
to awaken and keep alive public inter-  
est in the subject. There ought to be  
a great army of volunteers for so im-  
portant a work. The welfare of our  
own children and of our common-  
wealth depends on it.

The saloon business in Sioux City,  
Ia., has assumed a new phase since the  
Law and Order league began prosecut-  
ing the saloon men. The cases are  
taken before the justice of the peace,  
and a fifty-dollar fine assessed by the  
justice. With this decision as evidence,  
the cases are taken to the district  
court and injunction secured against  
the property. The law requires that  
the property and building shall be  
described. Nearly all the saloons are  
in small, frame, veneered buildings.  
As soon as such a motion for injunc-  
tion is made, the saloon men move the  
buildings to other lots, so that the in-  
junction is rendered worthless. The  
saloon men move frequently, and thus  
the business is becoming a migratory  
one, conducted in buildings on wheels.  
—Union Signal.

As Fatal Mistake.

Why seek enjoyment in such a perik-  
ous and dubious way as intemperance  
—a path paved with the bones of mil-  
lions after millions who have fallen in  
pursuing it—when innocent and health-  
ful pleasures everywhere surround and  
invite you? Lived there ever a human  
being who regretted at death that he  
had through life refrained from the use  
of stimulating drink? And how count-  
less the millions who have with reason  
deplored such use as the primary,  
fatal mistake of their lives! Surely  
from the radical heavens above us, the  
dust once quickened beneath us, comes  
to the attentive ear a voice which im-  
pressively admonishes: He wise while  
it is called to-day.—H. Greeley.



OCTOBER!

OCTOBER!

MAKE YOUR

## ◀ FALL AND WINTER PURCHASES ▶

While our stock is complete with bargains. Our stock was never more complete! Our prices never lower! You are invited to call and examine goods and prices for yourself.

STORMONT & CO

### THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, '91.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

#### Coming Events.

##### CEDARVILLE OPERA HOUSE.

Leland Powers, Nov 12.  
Rev. Anna Shaw, Dec 4.  
Mrs. Laura Dainty, Dec 8.  
Rev. A. A. Willett, Dec 11.  
Wedding Ladies, Concert, Jan 8.  
Geo. K. Martin, D. D., Feb 18.

Homer Wade will clerk for J. C. Farber.

Mrs. George Harper visited in London this week.

Mrs. Frank Jenkins visited in Jamestown last week.

Lee Shrode's friends surprised him on his birthday this week.

Lecture course tickets now on sale at Stormont & Co's.

Mrs. James Barr is visiting friends in Xenia, this week.

Have Gatch, of Xenia, to make you some new photographs.

Little Bob Ford had his arm dislocated while at play Thursday evening.

Joseph Evans and wife, of West Va., are guests of J. C. Deck and wife.

Will Marshall and Ed. Turabull attended the London stock sales this week.

Mrs. W. Q. Shannon, of Xenia, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Will Mitchell.

Ed. Van Horn is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Tom Carlisle, of Yellow Springs.

Mrs. Hopping and daughter, of Xenia, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Winter.

A number from here attended the Epworth League convention at Springfield, this week.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the residence of D. S. Ervin next Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McMillan entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening.

Cards are out announcing the wedding of Gordon Collins to Miss Mary Rice, next Thursday evening at five o'clock.

It is not too early in the season to have your photograph taken for Christmas at Gatch's Gallery, Xenia, 43 E. Main St.

Wade Cushing, a former citizen of this place and teacher in our public schools, was in Cedarville the first of this week, shaking hands with old friends.

Al. McDermont's residence, in Selma, was destroyed by fire Tuesday. Loss \$2,000.

Ed. Dean entertained a number of his school friends at the home of his parents, last night.

Will Hiff, who is working in Alexandria, Indiana, came home to cast his ballot for McKinley.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills, of Springfield, were guests of their daughter, Mrs. J. H. Wolford, one day this week.

WANTED.—Any one wishing to take Telegraphy and not wishing to put up a line, address Box 237, Cedarville, O.

Miss Bettie Little, of near Jamestown, entertained a number of her young friends from that town and Cedarville, Thursday evening.

Someone has said, "A home without books is like a house without windows." So is a home without photographs taken by Gatch, of Xenia.

Mrs. Simeon Warner, of near Selma, but well known here, died at her home Tuesday afternoon and was buried in the Quaker cemetery, near there, Thursday.

Friday of last week was the fortieth marriage anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. George, and a number of their friends gave them quite a pleasant surprise. About fifty persons were present.

WANTED.—Ladies to know that I am keeping a nice line of trimmed Hats and Bonnets which I am selling at the very lowest prices.

JULIA CONDON.

Talmage Baldrige went to Yellow Springs, Thursday evening, to see the Drummer Boy of Shiloh. He didn't go alone, but diligent enquiry has so far failed to reveal his company.

Rev. and Mrs. Sprout were married just twenty years ago, last evening and as a reminder of this important event about fifty of their friends called on them last night, giving them a very pleasant surprise.

Preaching at the Methodist church to-morrow morning upon "Enthusiasm in Christian Work." Missionary concert, consisting of readings, songs and recitations, at 6:30 o'clock in the evening. Quarterly meeting in one week.

Everybody guesses on the result of elections, and while some manage to hit the mark very closely other guesses resemble the antipodes so far as their relative position to the right figures is concerned. For instance, there is a number of guesses on file at Andrew Bros. & Co's Store which show that Will Gillough expected Campbell's election by 3,000 plurality, while T. B. Andrew expected McKinley to receive 22,395 plurality; R. F. Kerr, 5,900; J. H. Andrew, 8,000; R. H. McMillan, 12,000; John Grindle by 20,000, and John Greene by 22,000. Some pretty good guesses among them, by the way.

### APRON SALE.

Next week, commencing Nov. 24, we will make a cheap sale of HOLIDAY APRONS. These goods were bought and made up expressly for fine Holiday presents, and we have our opening on them the coming week. The styles cover an endless variety of NEW things, and the prices range from 25c each up to \$4.00 each. At the low price we have hundreds of styles and the best values ever offered in a cheap apron. One main feature in all is the generous size. In the fine goods a good many are imported Swiss aprons, and the prettiest styles ever shown. It will pay you to see these goods whether wishing to buy or not.

SPECIAL.—We show this year, for the first time, the largest and best line of goods for fancy work ever shown in Xenia. Wash. Embroidery and Knitting Silks of all kinds; Embroidery and Stamped goods, Plush and Lace Tops for Cushions, and for Holidays we will show a handsome line of fancy Baskets, trimmed and untrimmed, of all kinds.

JOBE BROS. & CO.

Miss Nettie Little died at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. R. Orr, Wednesday afternoon, of consumption, after an illness of over two years. Miss Little was born in this vicinity and her death will bring sorrow to many friends. Two sisters and two brothers survive her. The funeral services were held at the residence of Mr. Orr, yesterday afternoon at one o'clock, after which the body was interred in the Tarbox cemetery.

The Library Association met in the Opera House Thursday evening and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Rev. Sprout, President; Mack Bull, Vice President; Miss Lulu Barker, Secretary; Mrs. David Bradfute, Treasurer; Miss Jennie Bratton, Librarian; Miss Lillie Stewart, Assistant Librarian; Messrs. Robt. Gray, J. H. Wolford, Will Kyle, Mrs. Charles Crouse and Mrs. Jno. Williamson, Board of Directors. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws governing the association, which will report at a meeting of the association held in the library room next Friday evening. All ticket holders are requested to be present at this meeting.

### BOOTS, SHOES AND CLOTHING!

For all, at Prices far below Competition. Look.  
Men's Suits at \$3 75. Worth \$6.00.  
Men's Suits at \$5.00, Worth \$8.00.  
Men's Suits at \$8.00, Worth 12.00.  
Boy's Suits from \$1 Up.  
Men's Kip Boots at \$2, Worth \$2.75.  
Men's Grain Boots at \$2.90, Worth \$4.00.  
Everything in proportion. Call and get prices to compare with other places before buying.

J. E. LOWRY.  
Opera House Block.

Jas. H. McMillan has sold out his business in Knoxville, Tennessee, and has purchased Mr. Drake's interest in the undertaking establishment of Drake & Bradfute, of Yellow Springs. The firm will hereafter be known as Bradfute & McMillan.

John Grindle has a chain placed in front of the postoffice for persons to hitch before going in after mail, and now wishes to inform the people that hereafter any person leaving their horses standing unhitched will be arrested and taken before the mayor.

One of the most successful entertainments ever given by the Y. M. C. A. course here was that of last evening, when Mr. Leland T. Powers, of Boston, gave his wonderfully fine rendition of the play of David Garrick. Mr. Powers was immediately re-engaged for next season.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Weather report for October, 1891, as compared with 1889 and 1891. Compiled by Sam'l Creswell.

	1889.	1890.	1891.
Temp.	59°	55°	54°
Clear days,	17	8	16
Cloudy days,	12	9	7
Rainy days,	4	14	5
Hottest days,	63° 13th, 74° 4th, 75° 10th		
Coldest "	23, 40° 30th, 38° 23d, 40° 1st		
No. of frosts,	10	5	13

Spanish Onions at McCorkle's.

Jersey Sweet Potatoes at McCorkle's.

Standard Tubular Lanterns at McCorkle's.

Oysters, at Bull's.

Bananas, at Bull's.

Old Dutch Java Coffee, at Bull's.

Loaded Shells, Powder, Shot, Gun Caps and Gun Wads, at Bull's.

Buy Shaker Soap, at Bull's.

THE HALLOR RENT.

The Hiff homestead near M. E. church, Cedarville. For particulars call on Wm. Hiff administrator of estate.

### Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at B. G. Ridgway's Drug Store. Regular size, 50 cents and \$1.00.

All kinds of heating stoves, in base-burners and common heaters, for hard and soft coal and wood, can be found at Grouse & Bull's.

### Notice to Hunters.

The undersigned gives notice that no hunting will be allowed on their premises in Cedarville and Ross township, Greene County, Ohio, under penalty of the law.

Race Chandeliers. R. M. Cooper.  
A. C. Kyle. H. A. Townsley.  
C. E. Conley. C. H. Rice.  
A. M. Tomkinson. J. K. Wilson.  
Mathew Wilson. M. T. Wilson.  
T. W. St. John.

Halters, collars and all kinds of harness sundries at James Murray's. If you want to see nobly hats call at J. E. Lowry's.

Nobby hats and caps in all styles just received at

Stormont and Co's.

Buy your winter boots of

Stormont and Co

Roses and blankets, the best grades at bankrupt prices at

Stormont and Co.

50 Horn blankets, wolf robes, etc., at Andrew Bru & Co.

Hard and Soft refined Sugars at GRAY'S.

VOL. 12

THE 1

AN INDEPENDENT

SATURDAY, 1

W. H. BLAIR

PRICE \$1.

Riley Little Wednesday.

There will be opera house on 19th.

Mr. Richards secured employ make his home

Cal. Morton interest in John and took posses

Spence Sheph creative position and went to wo

Mr. and Mrs Illinois, are the John Jiminson,

Mrs. Will T Bratton, who h summer in Cl Tuesday.

William Bro property on his Cedarville on th day, November see bills.

Last evening entertained ele home of her ps About seventy present.

Mrs. Van whose husband to the insane a live with her l thy resident of Republican.

The sale of advertised to t mile north-eas the 10th, was at which time as the farm h

Ira A. M ville, Indiana Cedarville th was born here age of seven visit back to

B. G. Rid some decided store. His has been sta removed to Ben has ma the accommo wait until th

Presiding Springfield, dist church o'clock, and Lovefeast t Epworth L preaching by Subject, "Y Dangers, or Table and F

The town ing last M piano for t was two firm Bros., of Sp of Xenia. timate man is what wa House, and vestment a We can u trations in